Mickey Mouse

Magazine

10¢

JANUARY
1939

VOL. 4 No. 4

PRIZE CONTEST

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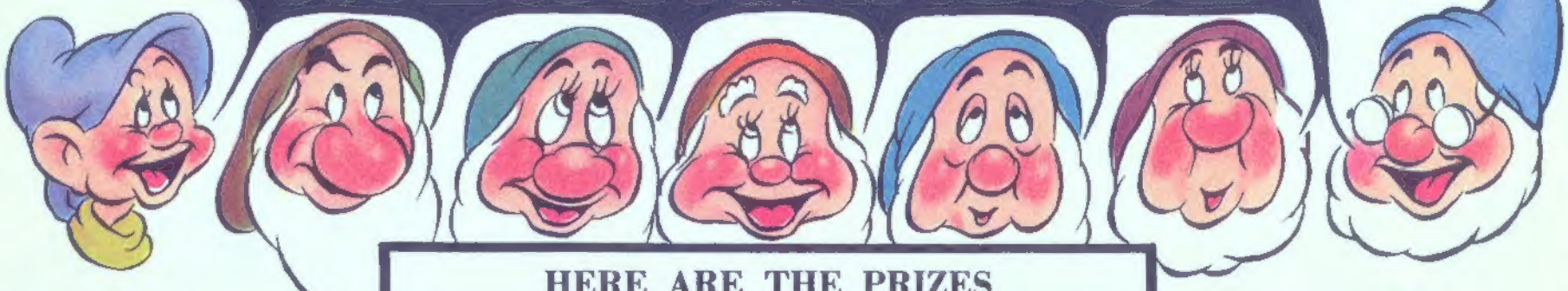

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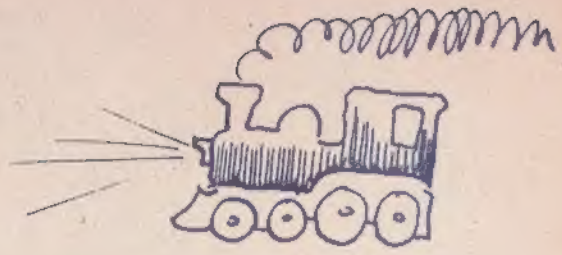

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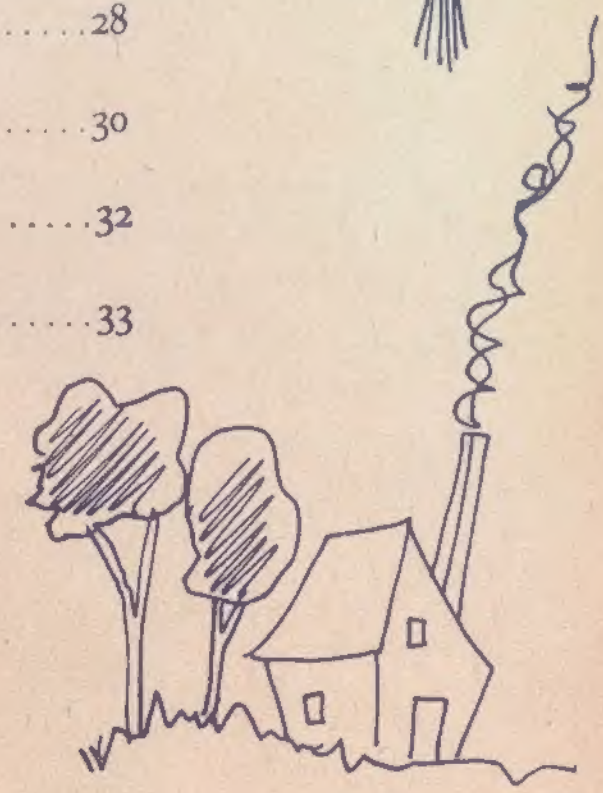

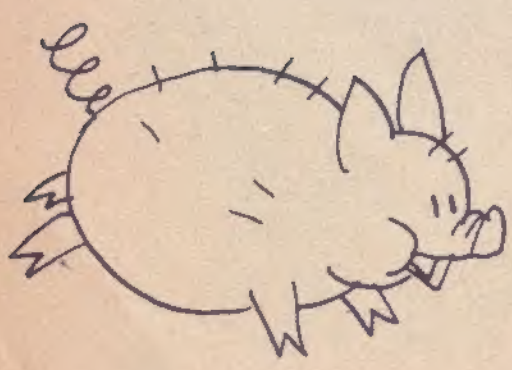

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor — KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us —

THERE'S one person we know of who has started the New Year right, and we give you three guesses or even twenty-three guesses . . . well, we'll tell you, it's Donald Duck. For once in his life he didn't lose his temper! Turn over to the next page and read his latest story "DONALD'S LUCKY DAY" and you'll find out why—so many exciting things happen that Donald just doesn't get a chance to *fight*.

AND THERE are probably lots of Mickey's pals who think that having a holiday from school is a grand way to start the New Year. We think so, too. That's why we've filled two whole pages with tricks and magic and games and even some recipes for the girls to try.

BEGINNING with this issue of the Mickey Mouse Magazine we are going to learn something each month about the Sun's Family. All the old subscribers will remember the Star Parade last year. This month Dorothy Bennett tells us about the big family of planets the Sun has, and next month she'll tell about the Sun itself.

MICKEY MOUSE has so many pals who send in letters and contributions to Your Page that sometimes he is kept very busy answering them all. So if you do not receive an answer promptly you will know why.

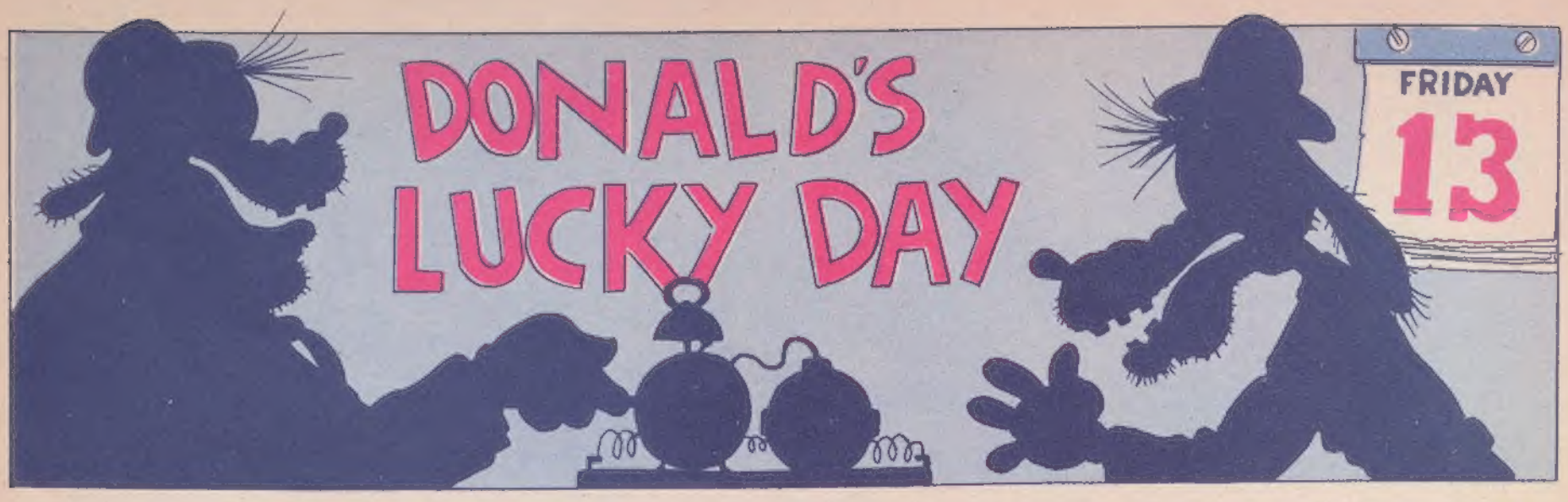
Very often letters come in with the request that they be printed in the issue of the Magazine which is scheduled to appear the month the letter is written. This is not possible because, like many magazines and books, the Mickey Mouse Magazine is prepared for the printer two months ahead of the date it is to appear. So please be patient—won't you?

And now a special word to the artists. So many charming little drawings are received which we would like to reproduce on Your Page, but because they have been drawn on colored paper with colored crayons, it is not possible.

Take a simple sheet of white paper, not lined, and make your drawing in black ink or in black pencil with clear-cut lines. We have selected the little bird below, drawn by Bonnie Leah Finley, to illustrate just what we mean. You may make your drawing as large or as small as you like. And always remember to write your name, full address and age—because you may win a prize!

Bonnie Leah Finley
South Gate, Calif.
Age 7

SPEAKING of next month, don't miss the big Valentine Party with lots of new ideas and new ways to have a good time. Disneyville is already feeling little tremors and heart-throbs wondering who will be whose Valentine. Donald Duck has been sitting up late every night working on a *bee-oo-tifullllll* creation for *someone*. We wonder who?????



IT WAS nearly midnight on Friday the thirteenth. In an old house down by the docks two gangsters prepared a bomb to send to one of their enemies. They fastened the fuse to a clock so that it would start to burn when the alarm went off.

"Bomb's ready, Boss," said one of them.

"Swell," mumbled the other, chewing the end of his cigar. "Set it for midnight."

"O.K., Boss."

The boss watched him turn the hands of the clock. "What a valentine for Sourpuss—the rat!" he said.

"It'll be a swell blowout all right. Did you send for a messenger, Boss?"

"Sure, the dope's on his way now."

The clock and bomb were carefully packed in a box and wrapped up. As he tied the string, the gangster had an idea. "Suppose it goes off too soon, Boss."

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed the boss. "Then we get a new messenger boy—See?"

BUT DONALD, the messenger boy, had no idea what danger was hanging over him as he rode his bicycle down to the docks. He had rigged up a radio on the handle bars, and he felt quite pleased with himself. He tuned in a station where a man was singing: "This is my lucky day," and Donald sang with him. He was so happy and so sure of himself that he took both hands off the handle bars and settled back on the seat.

When he reached the gangsters' house, he circled around grandly, jumped off the bike and kicked the stand into place. Then he strutted jauntily down the alley to the door and rang the bell.

Immediately a panel in the door slid back and two eyes peered out of the darkness. Then an arm shot through the opening and thrust a package in Donald's face.

"Deliver this before twelve, SEE?" snarled a harsh voice.

Donald was still feeling perky. He balanced the package on his finger and repeated: "Deliver it before twelve—see?"

The huge hand fairly poked him in the nose. "And don't drop it—SEE?" the voice went on.

The package slipped, and Donald just grabbed it in time. "And don't drop it—see?" he sang out.

"Now—SCRAM!" snapped the gangster, and slid the panel shut.

Donald scowled at the door. "O.K., Sourpuss," he said.

The panel shot open again sud-

denly, and the eyes appeared larger than before. "WHAT?" roared the voice.

Donald didn't try to explain. With one leap he was down the alley and on his bike. He started so quickly that he rode the back wheel right off the stand and left it wobbling on the sidewalk. It was only when he had put several blocks between himself and the gangster that he slowed down and began to tune his radio.

Then he had another shock. In a hollow, ghostly tone, the voice on the radio said: "Are you still alive?"

"Who—me?" cried Donald.

"If so—consider yourself lucky," the voice continued gloomily. "But BEWARE!! Until midnight it is still Friday, the thirteenth."

Donald jumped. "Friday, the thirteenth," he repeated uncomfortably, and set his package on the handle bars. As he did so, his eye fell on the address: "To 1313—13th Street."

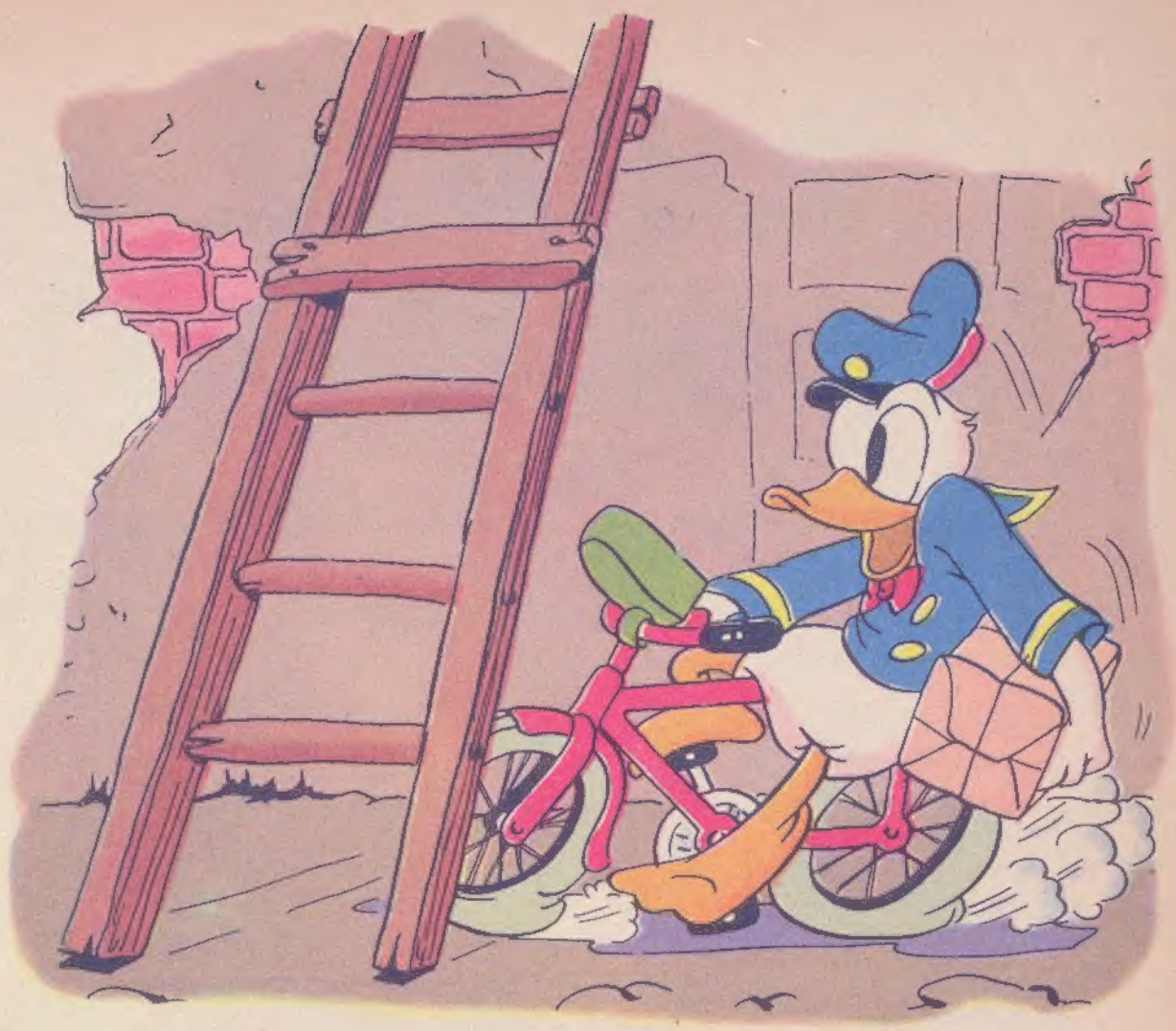
"Oh," groaned Donald. "That's a bad sign."

But the voice on the radio was still talking. "Don't break a mirror. Don't let a black cat cross your path. Don't—go—under—any—ladder."

"Boy, I'll say I won't," said Donald. And at that very instant he had to skid to a stop, for there was a ladder directly in front of him. He pulled up just in time, backed away, and rode around it.

"Ha-ha," he cried gaily, "I fooled you." But he laughed too soon, for he was going by a junk shop where lots of things had been left out on the sidewalk. Before Donald realized what was happening, he had crashed right into a large mirror and smashed it into a thousand pieces.

Of course, that gave him a bad



scare, such a scare that he didn't quite watch where he was going and BUMP! the next instant, he hit an apple cart. Over went Donald, and down came the apples like hailstones, pounding him till he was dizzy.

When at last he picked himself up, he remembered the package and looked around for it. There it lay on the ground beside him—as good as new. No, the clock had stopped ticking.

"Oh, oh, it's busted," cried Donald.

He held it to his ear and shook it hard. Nothing happened. "Oh me, oh my! Come on—tick tock, tick tock." He shook the box again. That started the clock going, and Donald grinned with relief. "Oh boy! This is my lucky day," he said to himself.

And all the time it was drawing nearer and nearer to midnight when the bomb would explode. The clock in the tower above Donald's head said four minutes to twelve. He looked up and saw it. Then all at once, he remembered what the gangster had told him: "Before twelve—see."

"Gosh," cried Donald. "I'll be late." He jumped up and hurried along until he came to the corner of Thirteenth Avenue and Thirteenth Street. What was that? A black cat started across the sidewalk in front of him. Donald stopped with a jerk.

"Scat," he shouted. "Go away. You're a hoodoo."

The cat dodged from side to side. Donald dodged, too. It was almost midnight. He pushed the package at the cat, hoping to scare her, but instead of running off, she mewed and jumped right on top of the box.

"Hey," yelled Donald, backing up.

The cat paid no attention. She began to lick her paws.

"Scat," cried Donald. "You big black pussy cat. SCRAM!"

The cat lay down on the package and closed one eye.

For a few seconds Donald wondered what to do. Then he had an idea. That toy mouse in his pocket was just the thing. He pulled it out and began to wind

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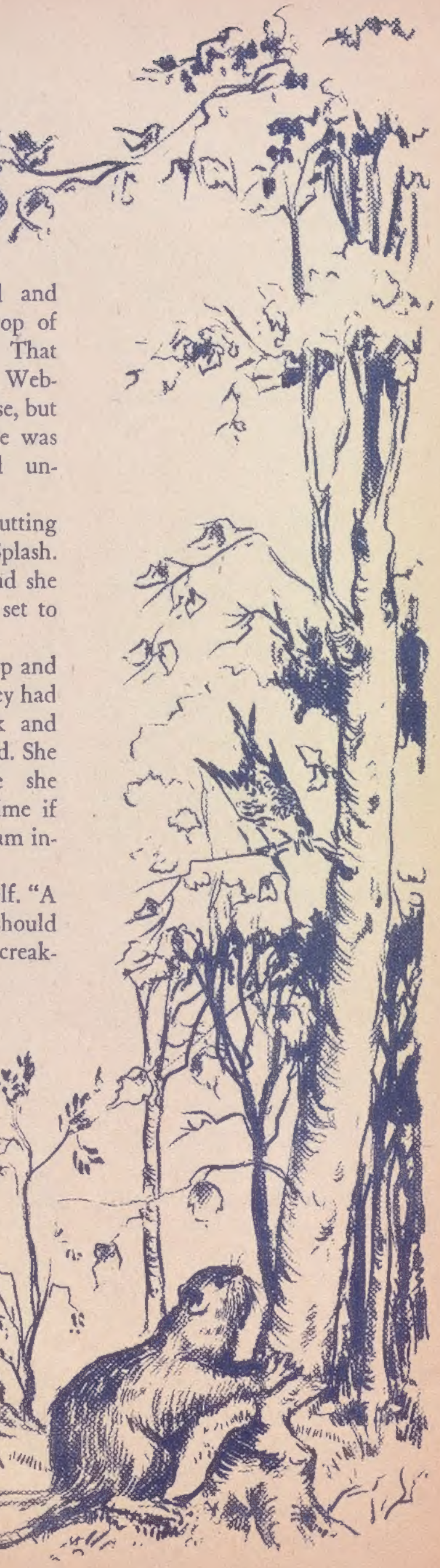
ANIMAL ENGINEERS



WEBFOOT and Splash huddled together in the bushes. They had traveled in a crate a long way from their beaver country, and now that they were free again, inside the walls of a great park, they hardly knew what to do. Webfoot still felt stift and cramped. He was frightened, too, by his strange experiences. But Splash was curious.

"There is a beautiful stream near by," she said, "with a tiny island in the center. It looks as if it were especially made for a beaver house."

Webfoot grunted gloomily. "I don't want to start building here. We don't know what may happen."

"I never made a house," said Splash. "It must be ever so much fun. My mother always told us to look for an island. 'It's just half the work,' she used to say, 'if you don't have to lay the foundation, and it keeps the floor drier, too.' "

Webfoot didn't answer, so Splash shuffled away from him on her hind legs. She couldn't resist that stream. In a few minutes she was swimming out to the island. Such a tiny one it was! It seemed as though the river bed had humped itself up and left a bit of its back showing above the surface.

Splash examined it carefully. It was just the thing.

"Of course, the water is too shallow," she thought, "but a good dam would soon fix that. I had better get to work."

She raised her flat tail and brought it down on the top of the water with a whack. That was her way of signaling Webfoot. It made plenty of noise, but Webfoot never moved. He was still feeling gloomy and uncomfortable.

"Wait till he sees me cutting down all the trees," said Splash. "That will fetch him." And she swam to the far bank and set to work.

Her front teeth were sharp and strong. In no time at all they had torn aside the rough bark and were gnawing into the wood. She gnawed carefully because she knew that it would save time if the tree fell toward the stream instead of away from it.

"There," she said to herself. "A few bites on the other side should do the trick." And creak-

CRACK, down came the young maple just where she wanted it.

Webfoot looked up. How well he knew that sound. Yet he was not ready to help. "It's safer here in the bushes," he thought. "Goodness knows what huge beasts are waiting to pounce on us."

So Splash went on all by herself. She trimmed the branches from the tree trunk and dragged them to the island. They would be useful in roofing the house. Then she dragged and shoved the little tree until it lay across the stream in the best place for a dam to be. She fastened it in place with mud, which she carried from the bank in armfuls, pressing it against her brown, furry chest.

"Now for another tree," she said. And she worked on and on, only stopping once in a while to chew a particularly tender twig.

The sun had set, and great black shadows were spreading over the stream. Splash had been so busy, that she had almost forgotten the dangers of a strange place. She shuffled farther up the bank than usual, looking for a particular kind of tree. And suddenly a crashing in the bushes made her stop short.

Just in front of her was the most enormous animal she had ever seen. His head was bigger than her whole body. Splash felt her heart pounding. She hardly dared to breathe. A beaver's webbed feet are not made for running, and she knew she could not possibly get to the water in time to save herself. The only thing to do was to sit perfectly still and hope the creature had not noticed her.

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DONALD'S LUCKY DAY

Continued from page 7

it up. The cat watched him out of the corner of her eye.

Donald put the mouse on the pavement and as soon as he let go, it started off and whizzed around the corner. That was too much for pussy. She jumped off the package and chased the mouse.

Donald laughed and picked up his box. He might not have felt so cheerful if he had known that the bomb inside was nearly ready to explode. Only three more minutes to go! He walked down the street, but his troubles with the cat were not over. The toy mouse had changed its direction, and the first thing he knew it dashed past him.

Donald looked over his shoulder. Sure enough, there was the cat coming at top speed. He started to run, too. Down the street he went as fast as his legs would carry him. He passed the mouse, rushed out on the dock, and came to rest beside a pile of lumber.

"Whew," he gasped, "what a relief!" And he began to mop his brow.

At that moment the cat chased the mouse onto the dock, and along a plank that extended over the water. On ran the mechanical mouse, right off the end of the board, and dropped down into the bay. The cat saw what had happened and managed to stop herself before she reached the end too. But the plank was going up and down like a seesaw. That was because Donald had put the package on the end near him, when he stopped to mop his brow.

As the cat's end of the seesaw went down, the package slid along the plank to the middle. Donald jumped to save it, and he landed on the seesaw, too.

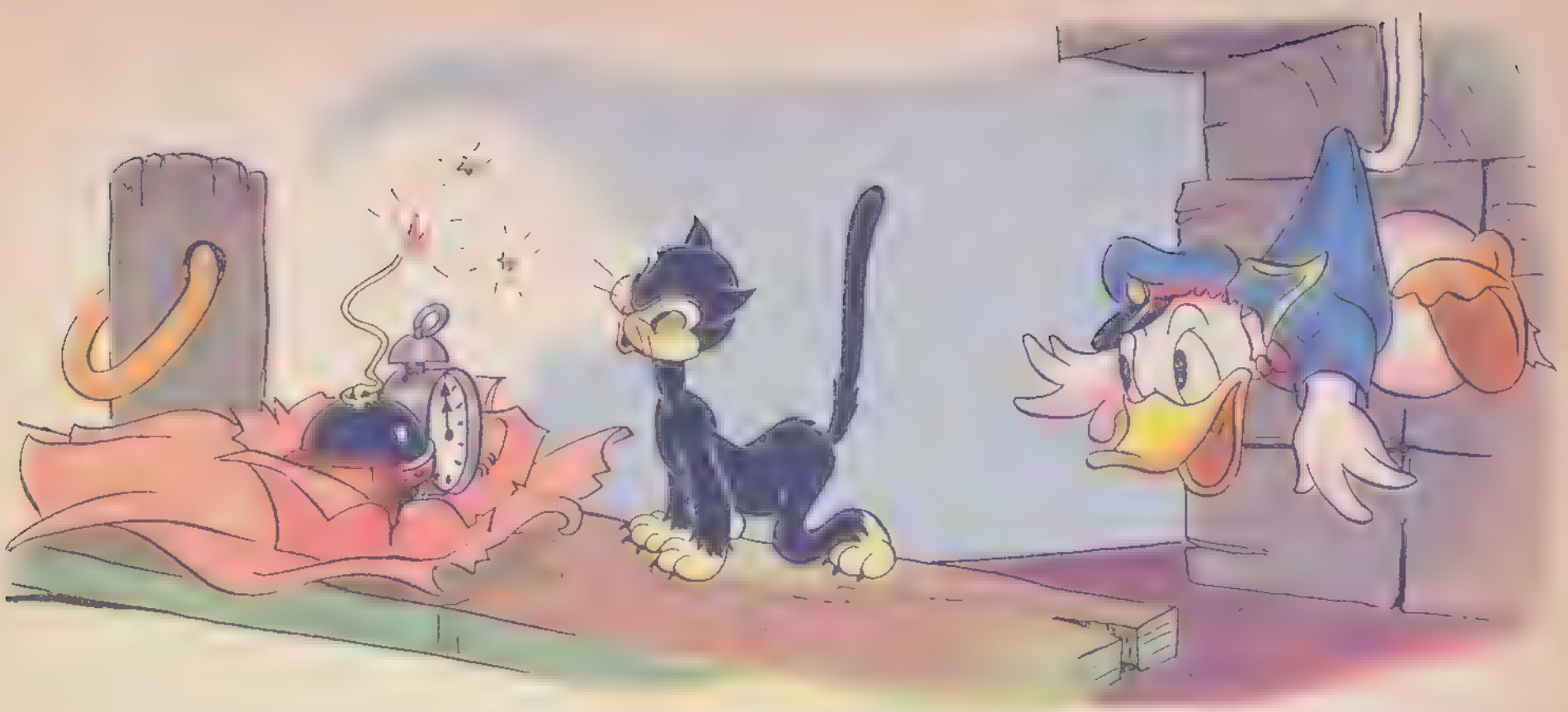
If the cat had known how to play properly, and stayed at her end, everything would have been all right. But instead, she decided to come toward Donald. Then Donald thought he should run out and save the box. So there they were at opposite ends, only this time Donald was over the water. He sat on the plank with the package in front of him.

Everyone was safe.

Oh no, they weren't. For the cat started to walk off the board. Donald knew what would happen if she did that. His end would go down. It might go all the way down.

"Here, kitty, kitty," he coaxed. "Nice kitty. Come back. Come on back, kitty."

The cat was surprised to hear such friendly words, so she turned around. But she didn't want to stay in one place, she wanted to go all the way to Donald. She kept on going until Donald's end



tipped downward again.

"Go back, go back. Beat it. Scat!" roared Donald.

The cat could hardly believe her ears. He had seemed so friendly the second before. Then Donald began to bark at her, and she hastily backed up. She even started to walk off the plank again.

"Nice kitty, nice kitty," called Donald sweetly.

But he decided he had really better take a chance and run for it. He picked up the package, and went toward the dock, just as the cat came toward him. BUMP. They came together. Donald dropped the package, and as the board went up, his coat was caught on a nail in the wall.

He went on shaking the plank, hoping to make the box slide toward him. It did, too, but all the jolting had loosened the wrappings. The package unrolled, and there lay the bomb.

Donald was scared to death. He knew a bomb when he saw one, but struggle as he would, he could not get free of the nail. And then the alarm went off.

The fuse fizzed and sputtered as it started to burn, and the cat thought it was spitting at her. She arched her back and began to bat the bomb with her paws. As she scrapped with it, she gradually pushed it down the plank and it fell with a splash into the water.

BANG! The explosion seemed to be sending the whole bay up over the dock. Then the water rolled back and there lay a huge pile of dead fish, blown up by the bomb. Under them all was Donald.

He put his head out cautiously and shook himself to see whether he was really safe. At the same moment, the cat with all its friends and relations appeared, and set to work to eat the fish. It wasn't long before Donald was left in the midst of a great pile of fish-heads and bones.

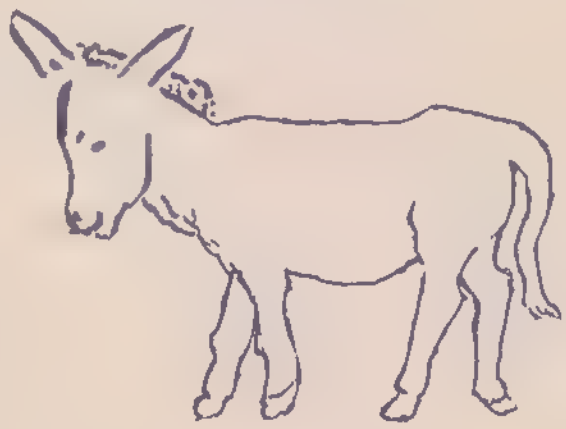
He looked around him and laughed. "Oh boy," he said. "That was a close shave!"

The postman's coming down the
street,
He brings my Mickey Mouse,
That's the gift I like the best,
It comes twelve times to my
house.
When Christmas comes around
again,
Please everybody hear,
I want another Mickey Mouse
Twelve times again next year.

Eileen McCullough
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Age 10

DONALD Duck sighed and threw down his croquet mallet. Some of the gang were playing, and Donald had not put his ball through a single wicket. Snow White was leading and the game had narrowed down to three contestants, Snow White, Donald Duck, and Max Hare. Mickey, Minnie, and Goofy had already won and were out. "Don't give up, Donald," said Snow White, "keep on trying and see if you don't win." "It's no use. You're six wickets ahead of me. and I'm a new player," grumbled Donald. "I'll be the audience." So Max Hare and Snow White continued to play. Donald sat on a stool and swung his mallet back and forth. He did not notice that his ball was lying near by. He accidentally knocked it straight for the stake, hitting Max Hare's and Snow White's balls out of bounds and going right through every wicket! Not only had Donald won, but he had set a new record, and did he stick his chest out! Well, who wouldn't if they were the champion croquet player of the town?

Jimmy Ward
Philadelphia, Pa.
Age 10



Babe is our Burro
Friendly and small,
She trots along the trails
And seldom stops at all.

Once among some horses
She started to run,
I slid down her neck,
That wasn't any fun.

Jean Godwin
Portland, Ore.
Age 11

This is YOUR PAGE and Mickey Mouse invites you to send in stories and verses and drawings in black on white paper. Only your very own work should be sent with your name, full address, and age written plainly at the bottom. Remember! It's up to you to make this page the best one in the magazine!

THE lion met a bear and roared at him and said, "I am the King of the jungle, why aren't you as strong as I am?" Next he met a deer and again asked his question. The deer bounded away in terror. The lion, well pleased with himself, said to a monkey, "I am King of the jungle. Why aren't you as strong as I am?" The monkey replied, "Well, you see, I've been sick."

Adrian Pollock
Fort Myers, Florida
Age 8

A Man of the Seventeenth Century

Robert B. Herschler
Berkeley, Cal.
Age 8

I dreamed I had a toy balloon
That pulled me straight up to the
moon
And when I got there I sat still
Upon a chocolate ice cream hill.

Paul Keigler
Marblehead, Mass.

The SUN'S FAMILY

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THE EARTH and its moons and all the other planets and their moons belong to the sun. They are part of the *sun's family,* along with some tiny planets called *planetoids* and wandering meteors and visiting comets. Some of the planets are large and some are small. Some of them are near the sun and others far away. Some have air and some do not. Some of them have moons and some have not.

But all of the planets revolve around the sun in the same direction and the time it takes to make the trip we call the *planet's year.* All of them move around on their axes in the same direction and that we call the *planet's day.* They are all found in much the same space level as though they moved around on a big table top. These worlds are probably made of much the same material as ours is made of, and we think the sun is made of these same things, too.

Since the planets are so much alike and since they are all so closely related to the sun, most astronomers feel that long ago they were thrown off from the sun. Perhaps a passing star came too close and made the sun spin round too fast . . . Then it tossed off pieces that became the planets. Their moons may have been small pieces of the same material, drawn to the worlds and moving about them just as the worlds themselves were drawn by the sun's pull and now revolve about it.

The meteors may be the "left-overs" from the same time when the planets were born. No one knows about the comets. It is possible they were made at the same time, too, or they may have been picked up some place in space. You see the sun is always moving, although the planets and their moons go right along with it. Somewhere long ago it may have picked up the comets.

NEXT MONTH we will tell you more about the sun itself, and then, each month we will talk about a different planet.

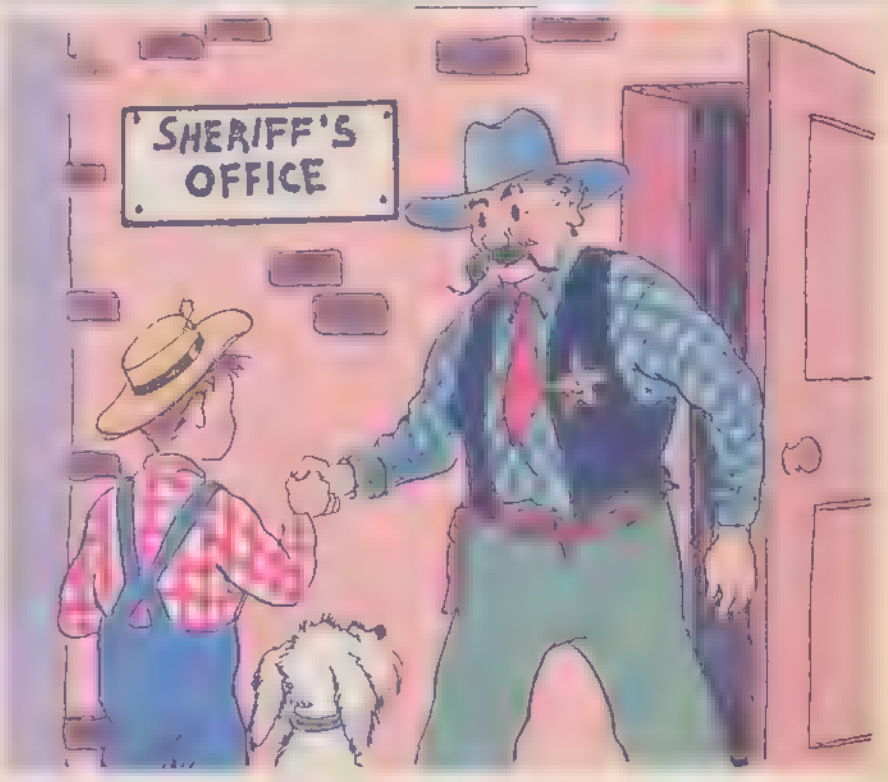
SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZES OF THE SUN, EARTH, MOON AND MAJOR PLANETS.

PETER
THE FARM DETECTIVE

Peter did not miss the jungle a bit. After so much excitement he was enjoying the quiet life on the farm. Every morning he had a good breakfast of pancakes with lots of maple syrup and a tall glass of cold milk. Then his mother waved goodbye as he went off with his pal Nosey.

They took long hikes through the country. When they were tired they rested under a tree, and Peter told Nosey all about his wonderful adventures. Nosey loved to listen and his eyes were round as saucers, but inside he felt sad because he had not been along.

In town Peter was the hero of the day. People whispered to one another as he went by. Everyone marvelled at the baby hippopotamus he brought back with him and all the wonderful things that had happened. Peter felt a little embarrassed but not Nosey. He was so proud he almost burst!



They went to call on their old friend the Sheriff. He was quite surprised but very glad to see them.

"Blow my shield!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't Peter himself! It's good to see you around again, young fellow."

Peter and Nosey followed the Sheriff into his office.

"Now then," the Sheriff smiled, "tell me all about your trip."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling" the telephone interrupted their long conversation, much to the Sheriff's disappointment, as Peter was at a most exciting point in his story.

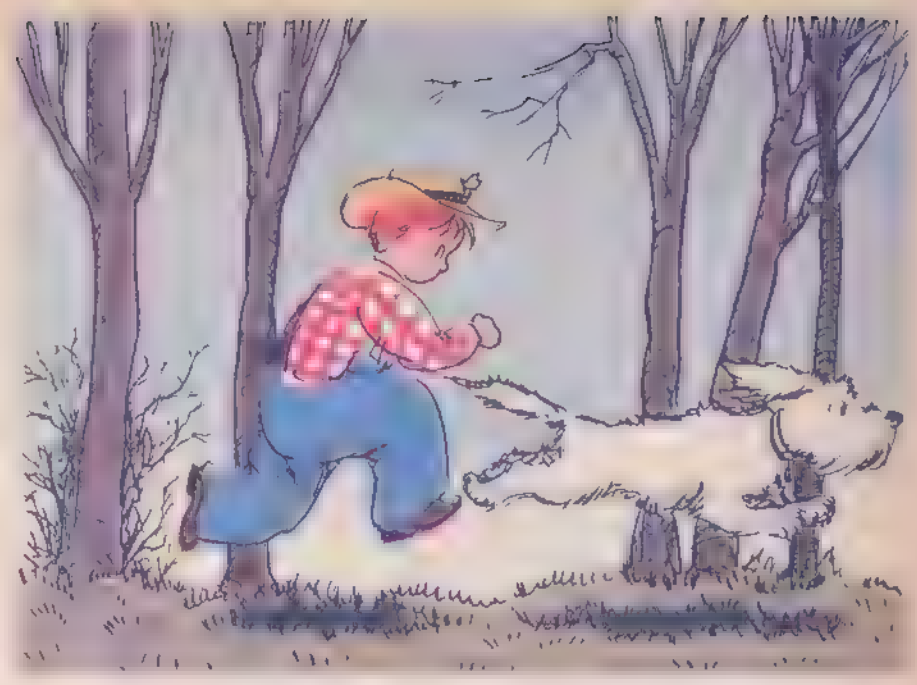
"It's your mother," the Sheriff told Peter. "She says the hippopotamus has gone off and she cannot find him high or low."

Immediately Peter got on the job. Nosey sniffed and Peter squinted through his magnifying glass all over the stable floor—but there was not one clue.

"Poor little hippo," Peter sighed. "We must find him quickly or he'll starve to death in this strange land. Come on, Nosey."

Next Peter shinnied up a tall tree to get a good look over the countryside, hoping to spot the little hippo. He shielded his eyes with his hand, and squinted in all directions. All of a sudden he let out a cry of joy!

"I hear him! That's his awful grunt all right and it comes from over there!" Peter shouted.



Peter and Nosey raced through the woods and now they could hear the contented grunting of their big-little friend very plainly.

"He sounds like he's having a good time anyway," Peter panted as he ran.

The little hippopotamus was having the time of his life wallowing in the mud with a litter of rosy pigs.

"Who are you?" Peter asked a colored boy sitting on the hippo's back. "And did you run off with my hippopotamus?"

Continued next month

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Mickey:

Thank you for the nice letter you sent me. I showed it to my brother and friends to prove you are my friend and were they amazed? I am going to take Disney's place when I grow up, if I can. If I can't, I will be his helper. Don't forget that I am your pal.

Charles Arnold
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your Magazine. I did like "The Box of Assorted Magic" so much that I've read it dozens of times. The recipe for Iced Chocolate in "Let's Give a Porch Party" was grand. I tried it and now I make it often.

I read about "Mickey's Trailer" in "Movie Slate," then I saw the picture. The way his old contraption works! I thought I'd die laughing, or else be scared to death when they barely missed the train. Wow!

I enjoy Star Parade immensely. I found Scorpio one night. Last year daddy bought me a one year subscription to your Magazine, and I was so fond of it that on my birthday he bought me a two year subscription. HOORAY!

I had pneumonia just lately and I do believe "The Dusty Star" and "Star Circus" and "Under the Sea" cheered me up and helped me to recover sooner.

Jill Burridge
Hamilton, Ont., Canada
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

I love your Magazine. I am looking for the Star Parade. I hope you and Minnie are fine.

Franklin Kneedler
Gwynedd Valley, Pa.
Age 7

Dear Mickey:

I like the "Elephant Buys a Horse" best of all in the November issue. Why don't you put Santa Claus on the cover of the December issue?

I like to read Farmyard Symphony. I like the picture of rosey pig with all the corn around him. Well, I can't write anymore; I've got to have my breakfast. Goodbye and tell all your pals goodbye.

Richard Ryder
Windsor, Ont., Canada

Dear Mickey:

My aunt had the Mickey Mouse Magazine sent to me a couple of months ago. I think your Magazine is great. I enjoyed the story of the "Topsy Turvy Circus." It is hard to wait for the next month's magazine. I like to do the cross-word puzzle.

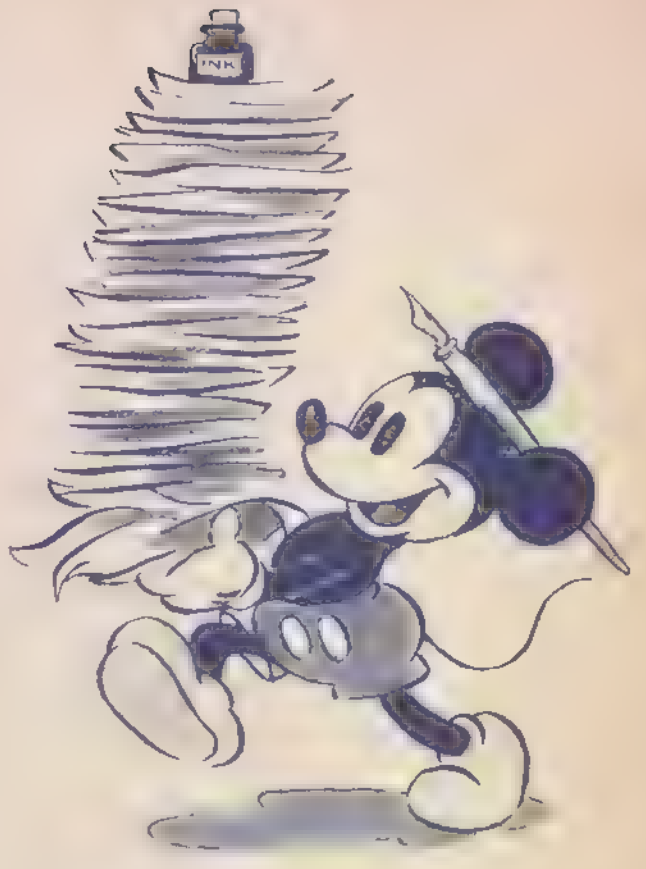
Marilyn Martinson
Minneapolis, Minn.
Age 11

Hello, Everybody!

No room left for me this month. Don't forget to write to me though! Address your letters: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Always your pal,

Mickey



Dear Pluto:

Come down and play with me.

Brownie

P. S. *My little dog wrote this letter to you.*

Dear Mickey:

Please tell Donald not to lose his temper. But if he didn't Disneyville would never be the same. Don't tell him I said this, please. How's Goofy? Did he ever go to school?

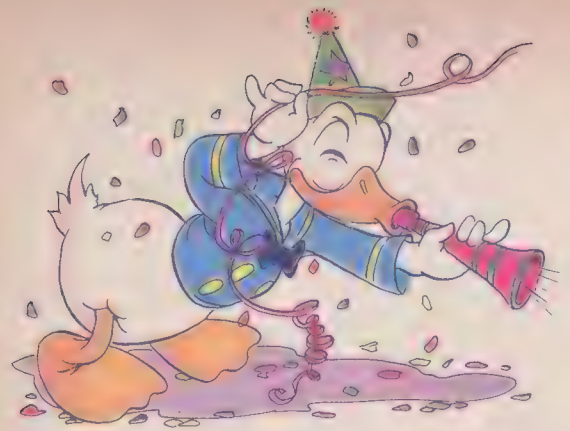
Kenward Elmslip
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Mickey Mouse:

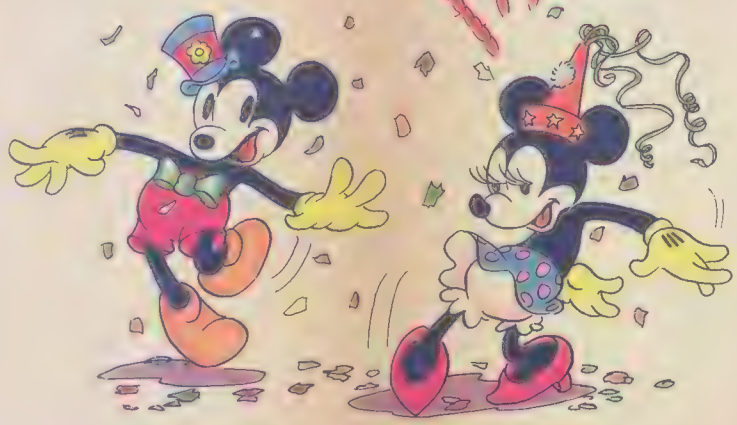
I am a Dutch girl but I live in Greece, because my Daddy is Ambassador from Holland. I have been in America four years and lived in Washington. I like your Magazine very much and I love all the stories in it.

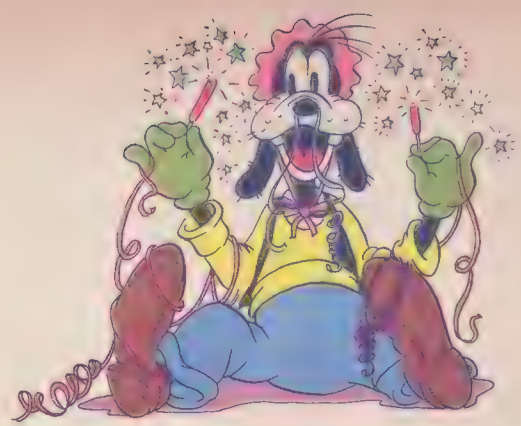
Vera van Breugel
Athens, Greece
Age 8

THERE ARE OVER 60 MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE. HOW MANY CAN YOU FIND?
237
WET PAINT
HOUSE 4 RENT
BEATS
KARETS
RING
NO PARKING HERE
ONE WAY STREET
©WDP



Happy Holidays





MICKEY MOUSE rang all the buzzers on his desk and called in the whole staff of the Magazine to think up things to do when school closed for the Christmas holidays. Donald Duck suggested getting out a couple extra issues of the Magazine, and then promptly announced that he was going off on a little trip. But after thinking hard for a long time they made up this little game—which should be easy for all of you who have seen that new big Disney picture "FARMYARD SYMPHONY."

THE GAME is called "Farmyard Pantomime" and *begins* very quietly with everyone sitting around in a ring with a pencil and a piece of paper. One boy or girl, who is chosen as leader, whispers the name of an animal to each one in the ring. Then the leader calls one of the players at a time into the ring. As this is *pantomime,* which means that no sound can be made, the player is supposed to demonstrate to the other players what animal he represents without speaking. When someone has decided what the performer is, he writes it down, and holds up his hand, and then the player in the center of the ring sits down.

When everyone has demonstrated, all the lists are collected from the players, and as each animal gives his respective "cry" the lists are checked off by the leader. Of course the winner is the one who guessed the most animals right on his list.

NOW HERE is Minnie's suggestion:

Raisin Creams: Take one-half a pound of icing sugar, the white of one egg, four ounces of raisins, blanched almonds and almond essence.

1. Wash, stone, and chop the raisins coarsely.

2. Sieve the icing sugar.

3. Whisk the white of an egg and mix it with the sugar.

4. Add the raisins, keeping a few aside, and a few drops of almond essence.

5. Knead the mixture like dough until it is smooth and glossy.

6. Roll out the creamy mixture and divide it into small pieces. Put an almond on each piece. Fold the ends together and roll lightly with your fingers.

7. Press a piece of raisin on the top of each cream.

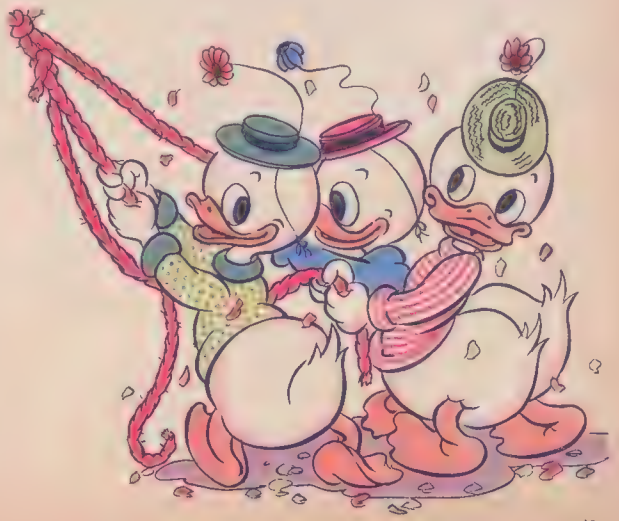
8. Put the creams on a plate and leave them in a warm place for an hour to dry.

AND HERE are a few tricks that our friend Goofy suggested:

A Matchbox Trick: Pull the tray from an empty matchbox and hold it up so everyone can see there is nothing in it. Now slide the tray back into the cover and hand the box to someone. He will open it and be astonished to find a penny! The secret of the trick is simple. When you show the empty box in two parts have a penny on the top of the outer part of the box. You hold this in your left hand with your fingers over the coin so that it cannot be seen. Now slip the tray into the cover and far enough out the other side to allow the penny to slide into the tray—Practice this before you try to do it in front of an audience!

"Knot" So Easy. For this trick you need three handkerchiefs, two white and one colored. Knot the two white ones together with the colored one at the end. Then say to a friend, "Can you put the colored handkerchief between the two white ones without untying the knots?"

If he can't, show him how by tying the handkerchiefs into a circle—This requires no practice.



MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

GO AFT AND FETCH ME MY OILSKINS! LIVELY NOW!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

SO, THE OLD MAN WANTS HIS OILSKINS, EH? THAT MEANS A SPELL OF DIRTY WEATHER!

BUT, GEE! THE OCEAN'S LIKE A MILL POND!

SQUALLS COME UP MIGHTY SUDDEN IN THE WATERS -- AND OLD BEAGLE-NOSE CAN SMELL THEM WHILE THEY'RE STILL PUPS!

BOY! IF IT STORMS, I HOPE IT'LL BE A RIP-SNORTER!

DAD-BLAST YOUR SCUPPERS!! I SAID LIVELY!!

HO! HO! THERE'S ONE SQUALL FOR YOU ALREADY, MATEY!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU THE CAP'N KNOWS HIS WEATHER, DOESN'T HE?

YOU MEAN THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL STORM?

JUST THAT, SONNY! DAVY JONES HAS ORDERED A SPECIAL BLOW TO SCARE LANDLUBBERS! SO, I'D ADVISE YE TO STAY BELOW AND ANCHOR YOUR TEETH!

SO--- THINKS WE CAN'T TAKE IT, EH?

HUH! LANDLUBBERS! IF I KNOWED WHAT IT MEANT I'D SOCK HIM ONE!

ALL HANDS ON DECK! STAND BY AND MAKE FAST THE RIGGING FOR A BLOW-W-W!!

STOW ALL LOOSE GEAR! BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES!!

AVAST THERE! LET GO THAT LINE AND LET A MAN HAVE IT, YOU LANDLUBBER!

YOU ONE BEEG DOPE! STORM LIKE THEES, SHE'S ONLY FOR SAILOR TO BE ON DECK!

GO ALONG PEDRO! I LIKE THIS WEATHER!

YOU LIKE HEEM -- BAH! BEEG WAVE, SHE'S COME ALONG AND LEETLE BUG LIKE YOU WAKE UP DROWN!

LOOK OUT!!

BOOM!

Copr. 1934 by Walt Disney Productions & World rights reserved

MAN OVERBOARD!

WHO'S OVERBOARD!

WHERE?

HERE--HERE! WHAT ARE YOU--?

I'LL GET HIM SIR!

COOM BACK EEN HERE, LEETLE FEESH! WE WANT YOU TO STAY WEETH US!

YOU ALL RIGHT, KEED!

PEDRO, HE JUST ABOUT ALMOST DROWN!

WELL, BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

HUMPH! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I PICKED THE WRONG CABIN BOY!

DO YOU MEAN--WOULD YOU LET ME BE A SAILOR SIR?

WHAT? NONSENSE! GET BELOW AND BRING UP HOT COFFEE FOR ALL HANDS!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

THE "LADY DAFFODIL" REACHES HER GOAL AND MOVES IN AMONG THE OTHER FISHING BOATS, READY TO DROP HER ANCHOR.

DAFFYDIL, AHOY!

THE OLD JINX IS BACK AGAIN MATES!

BOY-OH-BOY! HERE WE ARE AT LAST!

YEH-- AND THE WHOLE TRIP IS A TOTAL FAILURE! I MIGHT A KNOWED IT!

WE'RE HERE--- BUT THE WHALE AIN'T!

HERE'S YOUR MEGAPHONE, SIR!

THANK YE, LAD!

AHOY, THERE! WHEN DID YOU SEE THE WHALE LAST?

OLD BARNEY? IT'S ABOUT A WEEK SINCE HE CRUISED THROUGH HERE!

DO ANY DAMAGE?

NOT MUCH! JUST SMASHED UP A COUPLE OF STEAM CRATES LIKE YOURS THAT WAS TOO SLOW TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

WALT DISNEY

MICKEY had a hearty feast,
The best he'd ever had,
And so he ate so very much,
He was a drowsy lad.

He dozed away and suddenly
He saw the strangest creatures;
He knew them all, and yet they had
The most peculiar features.

They were a very funny group
All mixed and jumbled up,
For Donald's head was set on top
The neck of Pluto Pup.

One little pig was partly wolf;
The Wolf was partly pig,
And Clara Cluck had Minnie's head,
But it was much too big.

Mickey saw a Nephew then,
But just the form and feet,
For, on his little shoulders, was
The head of burly Pete.

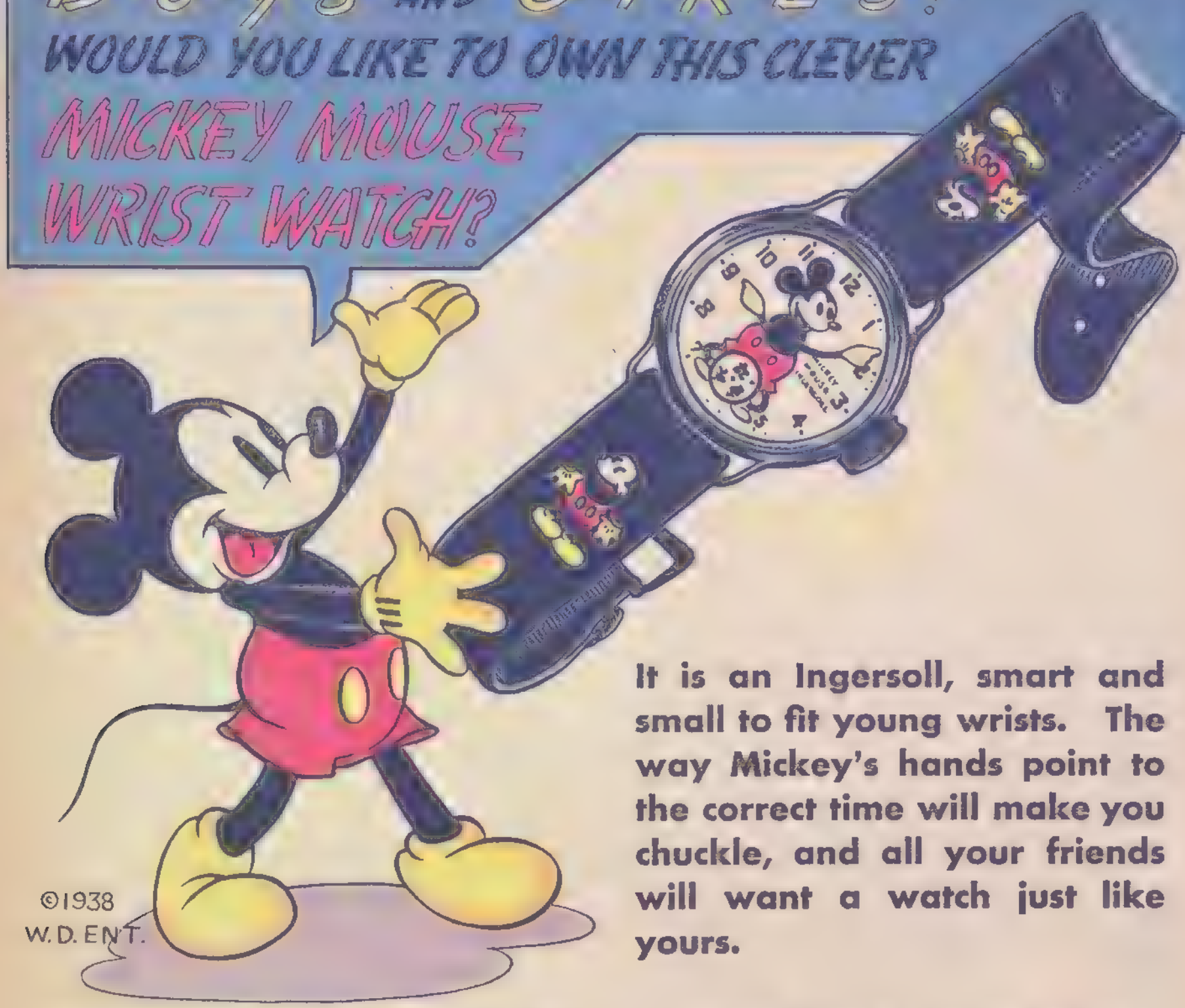
Goofy, too, was changed about,
And by some chance or luck,
He found his head and feet upon
The frame of Donald Duck.

Then poor Mickey saw himself—
He scarce believed his eyes—
His body and his feet were formed
Of crusty, big mince pies.

Mickey wakened with a start
And made a solemn vow
To never eat mince pies again—
Well—till next time, anyhow!

B·O·Y·S AND G·I·R·L·S!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN THIS CLEVER MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH?



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ANIMAL ENGINEERS

Continued from page 9

On the other side of the stream Webfoot heard the noise, too. What could it be? Unwilling as he had been to help Splash, he was very fond of her. "Beavers should stick together," he said to himself. "I must take care of Splash. I must drive away whatever it is that has frightened her."

He waddled down to the water and began to swim. In the middle of the stream, he had an idea. He would let her know he was coming so that she would feel more brave. He brought his tail out of the water and gave the alarm signal with all his might. It sounded something like a shot.

The great beast threw back his head and listened. Then with a snort he moved off through the bushes. He had not even seen the little beaver.

But Splash was badly frightened. It took several minutes for her to get up enough courage to go back to the stream. Then, just as she was turning around, she felt someone close beside her. It was Webfoot.

She fairly hugged him with delight. They put their forepaws about each other, and did a kind of shuffling beaver dance on the shore.

"At first I thought it might be a wild cat," said Webfoot.

"It was bigger than that," cried Splash.

"Yes, much bigger, but not so dangerous," Webfoot explained. He was older and wiser than she was. "As soon as I saw him gallop off, I knew you were safe. He is a grass eater—an elk. He won't hurt us."

Splash shuddered. "Are you sure?" she asked. "He was so close to me that I could feel his hot breath when he snorted."

"I should have helped you build the dam," said Webfoot. "Beavers are only safe when the water is deep enough for them to dive in. From now on we'll work together."

DURING the next few days the two of them hardly rested at all. They felled trees and carried mud until their dam was strong and solid. The water rose higher and higher. And then Splash noticed Webfoot breaking a hole in the dam.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "The water will all run out again."

"Oh no," answered the other beaver. "Only a little of it. Look at our island."

Splash looked. The water had risen so high that there was hardly any island left. Just the branches she had piled there for house-building showed above the surface.

"Goodness," she cried. "What is happening?"

"The dam isn't finished properly," said Webfoot. "We have to make a gate for the water to run out when it gets too high. If we don't, our house will be flooded." And he went on fixing a place for the water to run over.

Splash set to work on the house. And what do you think? She made it in two stories with an upstairs and a downstairs. Of course, the two rooms weren't right on top of each other. The downstairs room was one step up from the front door. Then there was an uphill path and the bedroom was at the upper end of it.

Webfoot helped to make the entrance. It was under water so that the beavers could swim in and out of their front door without letting anyone know exactly where it was. Once they were inside the door, they climbed out of the water into the first room. It was high enough to have a dry floor, and there they used their forepaws to rub the water from their thick coats, so that when they went upstairs, they were quite, quite dry.

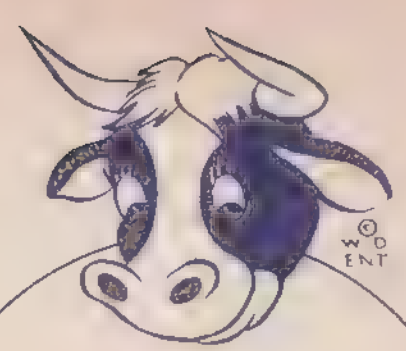
The roof of the house was made of branches, sealed with mud. From the outside it was not very pretty. It looked like a heap of dead brush, sticking out of the water. But the inside was snug and warm and dry. Splash was very much pleased with her new home.

"It is as nice as my mother's house," she said. "What fun we used to have when we were babies, stealing rides on her tail as she went from room to room."

"Did you do that, too?" asked Webfoot. "I thought my mother was the only beaver who played that way."

"How silly of you," said Splash. "They all do it. Oh, Webfoot, isn't it fun to be able to rest and talk? We have enough twigs piled up to give us food for months. At last our work is really done."

Webfoot looked at her thoughtfully. "We can rest a little while now that we are prepared for the winter," he told her. "But there are always leaks to be mended and floods to be watched for. A beaver's work is never done."



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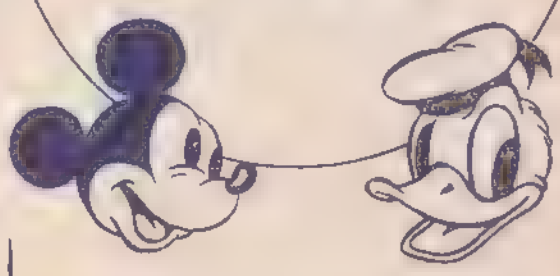

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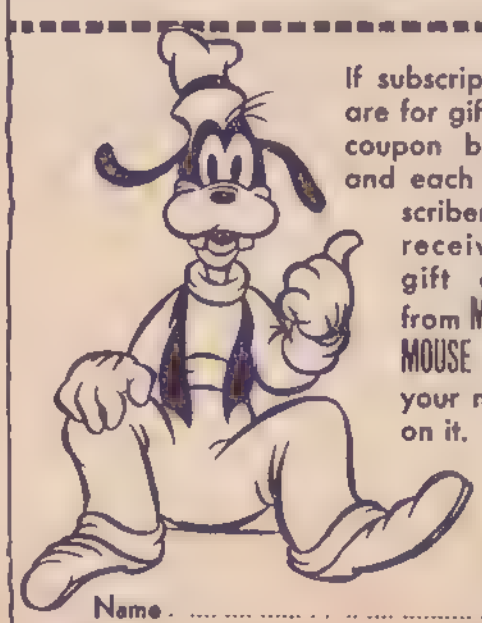

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BOOK

REMUS GOES TO TOWN

by Madalena Paltenghi

Grosset & Dunlap.....50 cents

Remus was a goat that *went to town.* The curious straight up-and-down mountains that even a goat couldn't climb and the trains that ran under the ground were all very bewildering, but Remus consoled himself with mouthfuls of roses and orchids in a florist shop. It's all good fun and makes a delightful story.

YINKA-TU THE YAK

by Alice Alison Lide

The Viking Press.....$2.00

Stories of far-off lands always have a very strong appeal to children. Sifan is a little boy who lives in Tibet. He has many adventures and lives in a manner so different from our own that children all ages will enjoy reading about him. Kurt Weise made the large colored pictures which are very nice.

YOUR DAILY PAPER

by John Floherty

J. B. Lippincott Company, $2.00

Older boys and girls will be deeply interested in this fascinating life-story of a daily newspaper. We see how it is made from the time the trees are cut to make the paper until the printed news is finally rushed to newsstands and waiting newsboys. It is an exciting adventure story of a vital, living thing—your newspaper.

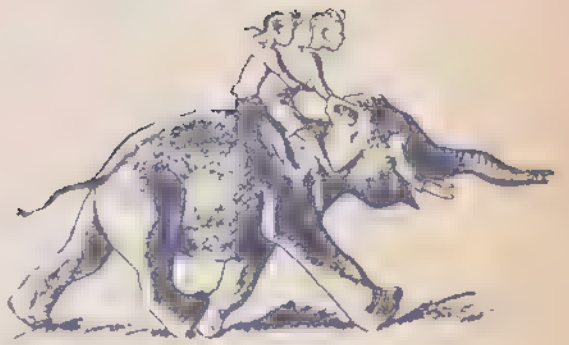
The book is well illustrated with excellent photographs, which, combined with the clear text, will answer every question you can ask about how a newspaper is produced.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO

by John Bennett

Longmans Green and Co., $2.00

William Rose Benet recommended this book, in The Saturday Review of Literature, *with all his might.* So anything we might add to that would sound like cold potatoes. It is a collection of good stories and amusing poems which appeared long ago in the *St. Nicholas Magazine,* and this is the first time they have been brought together in book form. All children will love them as well as the striking silhouettes in black by Mr. Bennett.



ALICE-ALBERT ELEPHANT

by Marjorie Hayes

Little, Brown & Company, $1.75

All little people with big imaginations will understand Larry and his sister Lady who wanted a little elephant *so* badly that they finally *imagined* one for their very own and called it Alice-Albert. Big people will enjoy their adventures, too, even though their imaginations are smaller.

YOUNG SETTLER

by Phil Stong

Dodd, Mead & Company, $2.00

Hi Ellison is as *real* a boy as you ever met and Euclid is his horse and best friend to boot. Hi's family were among the early settlers in "Ioway." Indians were in those parts then, and Hi's adventures among them makes a top-notch story for boys and girls. The pictures in color by Kurt Wiese are all part of the fun.

REVIEW

BONNY'S WISH

by Romney Gay

Grosset & Dunlap.....50 cents

Here is a gay little book for young children. Bonny wanted very much to have a baby sister or brother, so she goes out to look for one. Her friends, the birds, the bunnies, and even a rooster try to help.

THE ASTONISHING LETTER

by Helen Hill and V. Maxwell

Harper & Brothers.....$2.00

Here is an excellent book for older boys and girls. It is a delightful story about four real children and a wonderful summer they spent on the Cornish Coast of England. They went sailing and picnicking—they even discovered the secret of old Mr. Retallack's mysterious disappearance! It is illustrated by the authors with simple little drawings in black and white.

BUFFALO BILL

by Sanford Tousey

Rand McNally & Co...50 cents

Here is the exciting life story of a great American to thrill boy-hearts from coast to coast.

HUMBO THE HIPPO

by Eric Berry

Grosset & Dunlap.....50 cents

Humbo the Hippo had a friend —the Little Boy Bumbo—and together they went to market and together they had many exciting adventures.

This is a jungle story for very young people. It is full of simple humor and colorful simple drawings which flow along with the story in a way that small children love.

Here are Humbo and Bumbo out for a stroll on a very hot day.

QUITO EXPRESS

by Ludwig Bemelmans

The Viking Press.....$1.00

"On a trip to South America, on board the Quito Express, Ludwig Bemelmans found Pedro, a lost Inca baby—and this is the story." The story in words and pictures will give lots of entertainment to very young children up to ten.

THE BROOM CLOSET FAMILY

by I. Proudfit and C. Whitehead

David McKay Co.....50 cents

Here is a very original story about Winnie Whiskbroom, Dickie Dustpan, the Oil Mop and Carpet Sweeper, Mrs. Broom and Mr. Wastebasket. The drawings are gay and full of fun.

LITTLE ORPHAN WILLIE-MOUSE

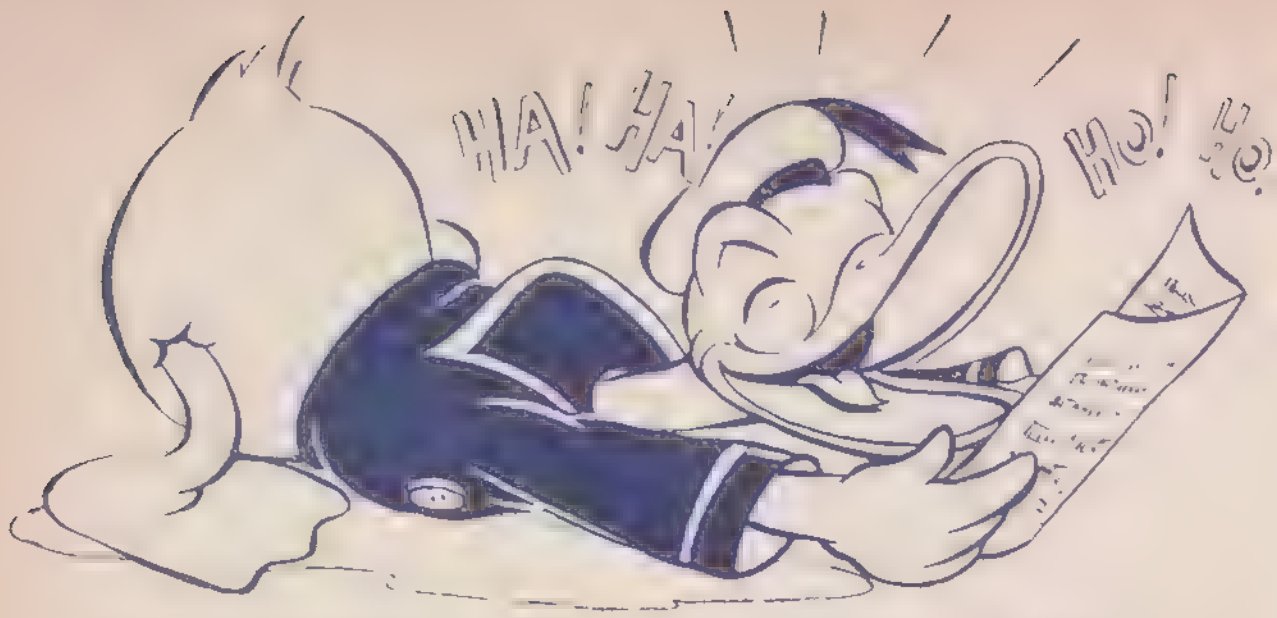
by L. Chace and E. Chadwick

Little, Brown and Co.....$1.00

Some children have a mouse for a pet and never tire of watching him—but they never know exactly what he says when he squeaks. That is why we think this book is very very special.

We meet Willie when he is still a baby on a bed of sweet grass and we watch him grow from page to page, until in the end he is a full-grown Woodmouse.

He has many exciting adventures with a frog and a bumblebee and a turtle—oh, lots of animals. And best of all we know just what they have to say to one another. The beautiful photographs and the text combine to make Willie a very live and loveable little mouse. And we venture to say that this will be a *pet* story with children of all ages.



Wise

Father: And there, son, I have told you the story of your Daddy and the Great War.

Son: Yes, Daddy, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?

Helen Stengle
Lancaster, Pa.

"Man, if I had a million dollars I'd just crawl into the shade and sleep the rest of my life," said one colored workman to another.

"Yes, and if a bull frog had wings he'd fly!"

Warren Wood, Jr.
Duncannon, Pa.
Age 12

Colored Uncle Jim came driving down the street in a one horse wagon loaded with hay. The mule pulling the wagon was very skinny and underfed. A colored bell-hop in front of a hotel yelled at Uncle Jim as he went by.

"Uncle Jim, if you'd put dat hay inside dat mule he'd look a heap better."

Uncle Jim gave the bell-hop a scornful glance and replied, "Yea bo, I'd do dat very thing if dis mule's mouf was as big as yours."

Joe B. Keith, Jr.
Jackson, Miss.

Seven year old Mary was frequently sent home from school for forgetting to bring written excuses for tardiness or absence. One day she was sent home to bring the birth certificate of her little brother, Georgie, who was just starting school. Her mother cautioned her to take care of the paper.

Mary arrived at school with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"What's the matter now?" asked the teacher.

"I've lost Georgie's excuse for being born," she wailed.

Audrey McAdoo
West Lynn, Mass.
Age 15

Mother: Children, children, stop quarrelling. What is the matter?

John: We're playing shipwreck pirates and Betty won't get in the tub and drown herself!

Mary Farrar
Short Hills, N. J.
Age 9

Lady: How are you today, little boy?

Little boy: I feel *pony.*

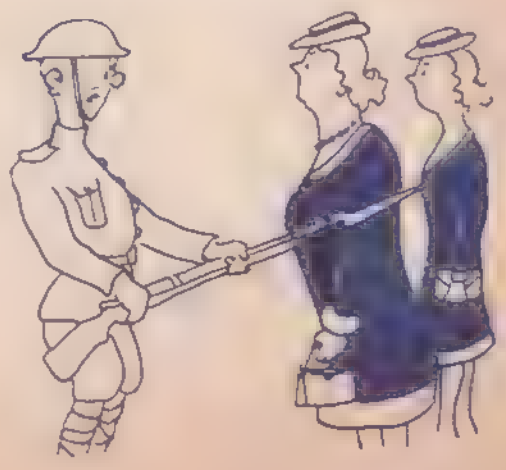
Lady: How is that?

Little boy: A little hoarse.

Sam Gentles
Petersborough, Ont., Can.
Age 9

Captain Berry was drilling his troops at the army barracks. Mrs. Berry and her daughter decided to go over to watch them. As they neared the entrance the guard called "Halt!" and asked them for their pass. Mrs. Berry stared at the guard and said, "Why, we're the Berries." "I don't care if you're the Cat's Me-ow, you can't get in here without a pass!"

Leonard Blewett
Flint, Mich.



Quacks Edited by Donald Duck

Neighbor Jones: May I use your lawn mower a little while?

Neighbor Brown: Sure, you may use it, but don't take it out of my yard.

June Marshall
Toronto, Canada
Age 8

David: Do you know what the big rose said to the little rose?

Charles: No, what?

David: Hi, Bud.

David Bwidge
Sullivan, Ind.
Age 7

Man: Everybody puts his nose in my business.

Friend: Can't you do something about it?

Man: I don't want to. I manufacture handkerchiefs.

Sanford Yanagi, Jr.
Holualoa, Kona., Hawaii
Age 13

Mother: Johnny, come to supper.

Johnny: I can't.

Mother: Why not?

Johnny: I was killed when my toy train was wrecked.

H. Nelson Brown
Thessalon, Ont., Canada
Age 13

Uncle Donald: Why are you three kids home from school so early?

Nephews: We were the only ones who could answer the teacher's question.

Uncle Donald: Why, the teacher would never send you home for answering a question!

Nephews: Oh! yes, she would, Unca Donald.

Uncle Donald: What was the question?

Nephews in chorus: Who put the tack on teacher's seat?

Helene Glennen
New York City, N. Y.
Age 9

Dentist: What kind of filling do you want in that tooth?

Billy: Chocolate, please.

Thad Krupa
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Age 14

Jimmie: My sister never did anything wrong all her life.

Friend: How old is she?

Jimmie: Two days old!

Anne Miller
Port Angeles, Wash.
Age 11 1-2

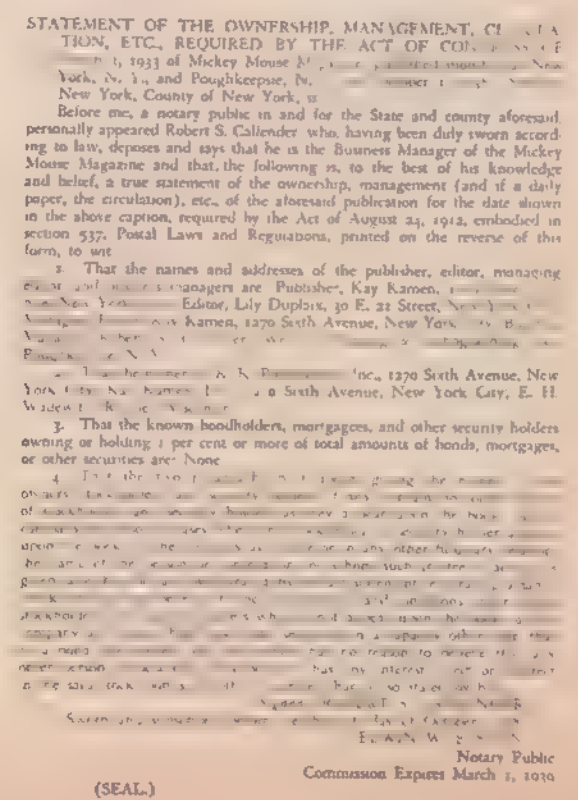
Judge: "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?

Prisoner: My name is Sparkie, and I write dynamic live-wire stories for an electricians' magazine. I am charged with battery.

Judge: Put this man in a dry cell, officer.

Woodson Kilgore
Manchester, Ohio
Age 15

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CI[illegible]A TION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CO[illegible]F [illegible], 1933 of Mickey Mouse M[illegible] New York, N. Y., and Poughkeepsie, N. [illegible] New York, County of New York, ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Robert S. Callender who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Mickey Mouse Magazine and that, the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing [illegible] and business managers are: Publisher, Kay Kamen, [illegible] New York; Editor, Lily Duplois, 30 E. 22 Street, New [illegible]; Kamen, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York; [illegible]

[illegible] Inc., 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City; New [illegible] 0 Sixth Avenue, New York City; E. H. [illegible]

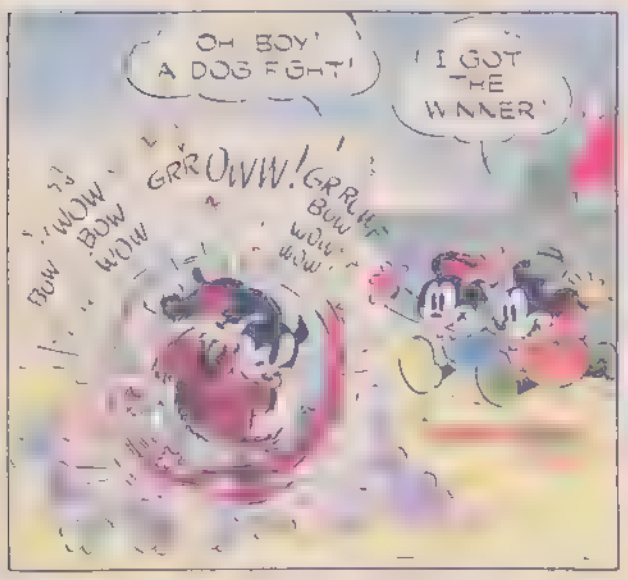
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None

4. [illegible]

Notary Public
Commission Expires March 1, 1936

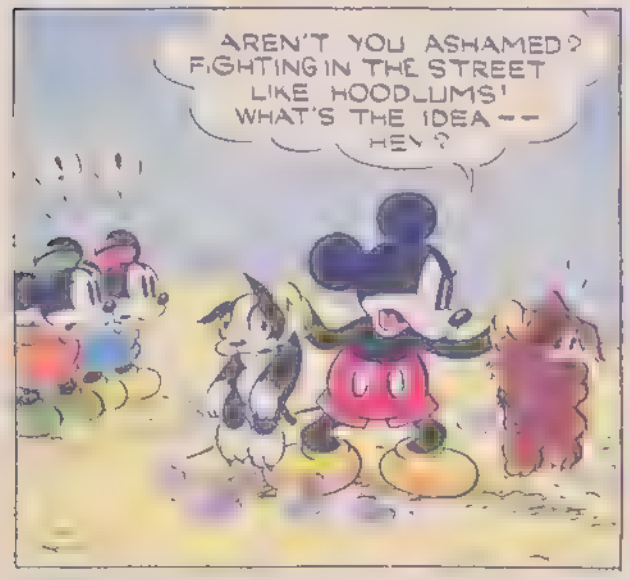
(SEAL.)

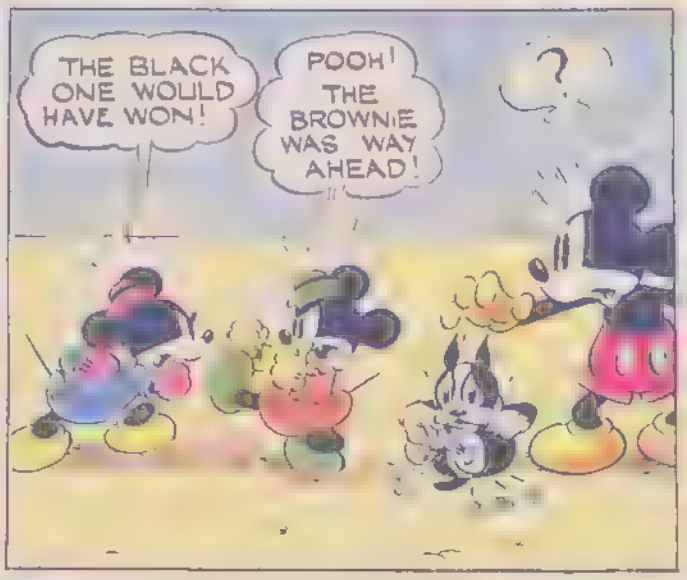
THE TWINS

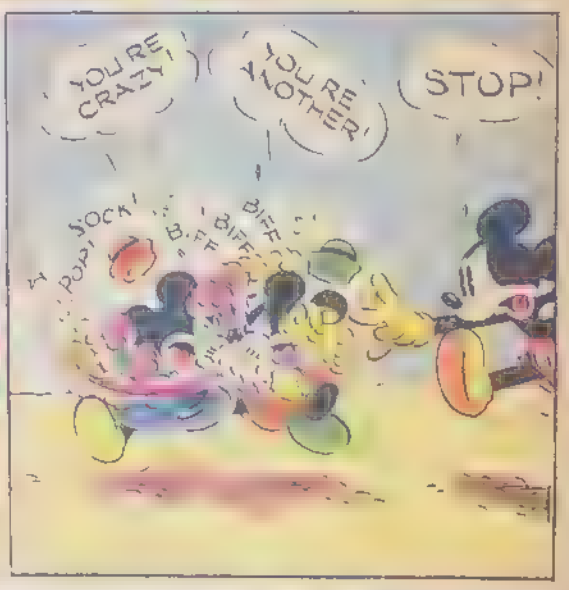

OH BOY! A DOG FIGHT!
I GOT THE WINNER!
BOW WOW BOW WOW
GRROWW! GRRUFF BOW WOW WOW

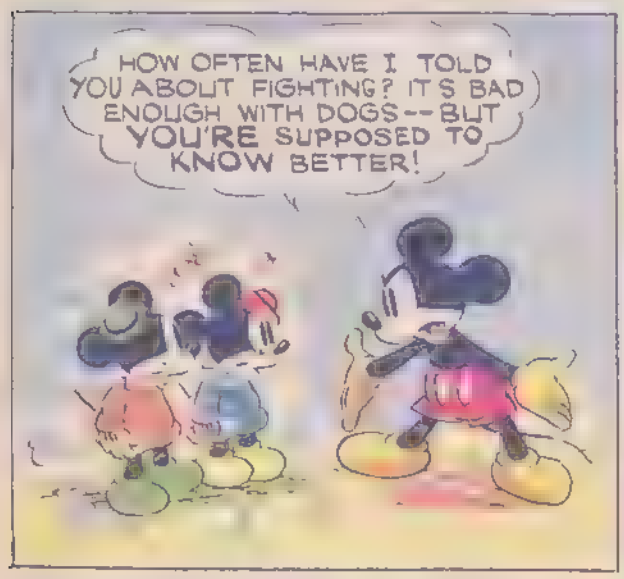
THE BLACK ONE'S THE BEST!
THE BROWNIE'S GOING TO WIN!
AAARRE! ROWW BOW! BOW WOW!

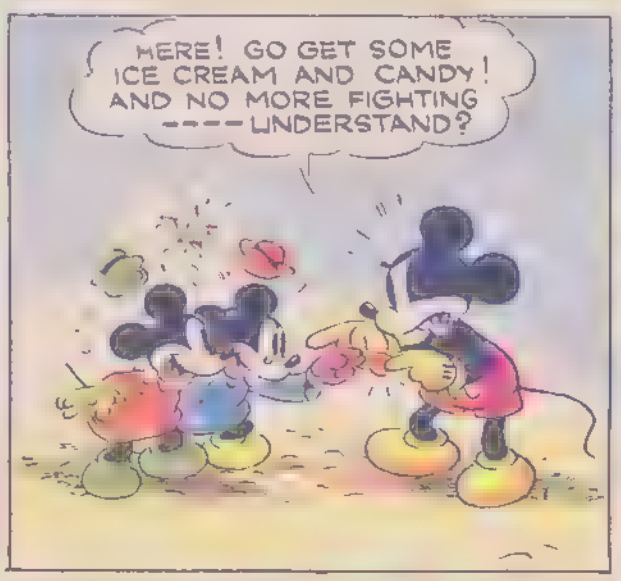
HERE-- YOU MUTTS! CUT IT OUT!
RARR ARF! BOW RRARE WOW!


AREN'T YOU ASHAMED? FIGHTING IN THE STREET LIKE HOODLUMS! WHAT'S THE IDEA-- HEY?


THE BLACK ONE WOULD HAVE WON!
POOH! THE BROWNIE WAS WAY AHEAD!
?

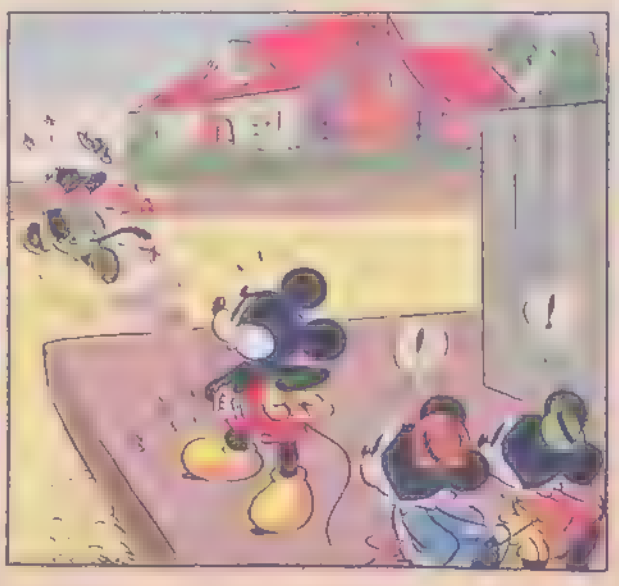

YOU'RE CRAZY
YOU'RE ANOTHER!
STOP!
POP! SOCK! BIFF BIFF BIFF


HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT FIGHTING? IT'S BAD ENOUGH WITH DOGS-- BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW BETTER!


HERE! GO GET SOME ICE CREAM AND CANDY! AND NO MORE FIGHTING ----UNDERSTAND?

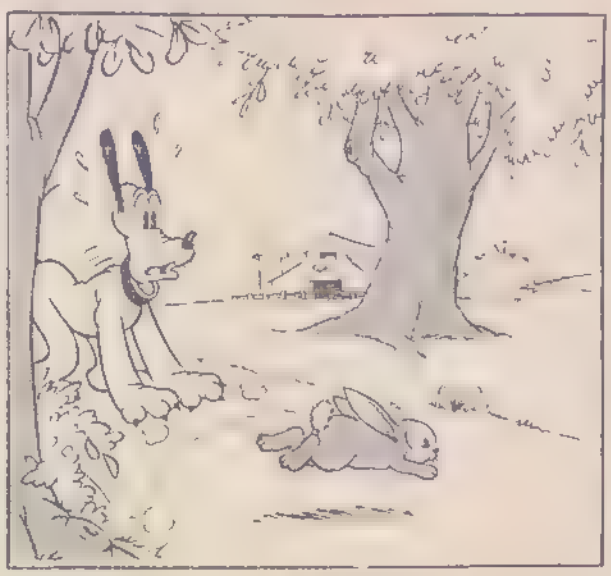
THIS IS TOO MUCH MONEY FOR BABIES! I'LL HANDLE IT, MYSELF!
BAWWW!

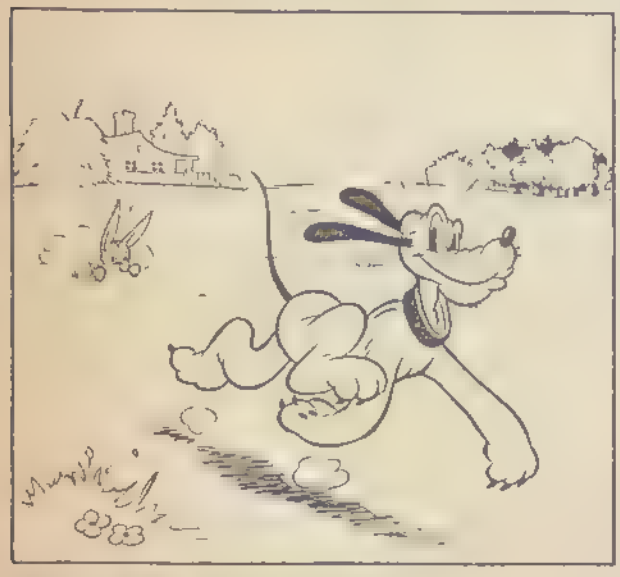
YOU BIG BULLY! PICK ON LITTLE KIDS, WILL YOU?

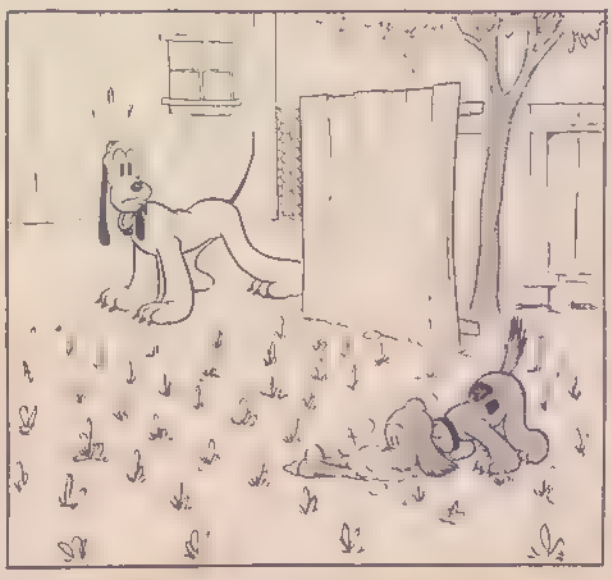


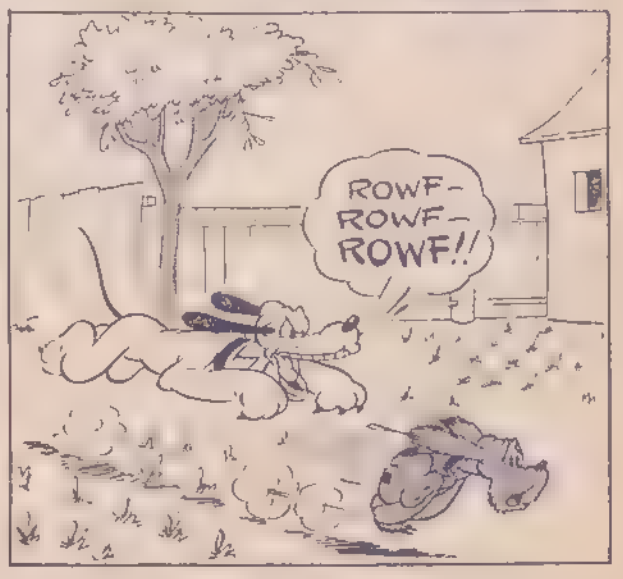
UNCA MICKEY'S AWFUL FUNNY, SOMETIMES!
YES, TELLS US WHAT WE SHOULDN'T DO THEN HE DOES IT!
HE'S AWFUL FUNNY!
WALT DISNEY

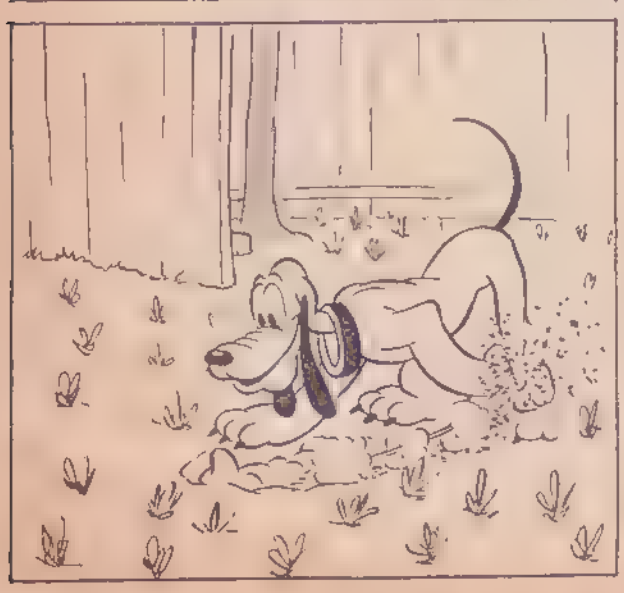
MOTHER PLUTO

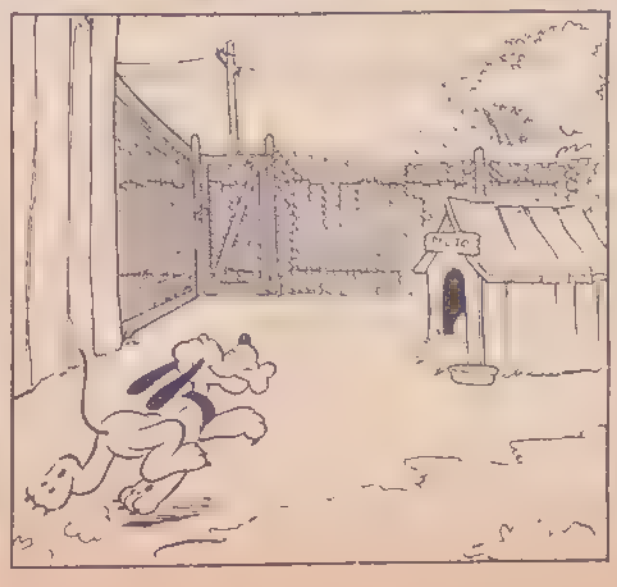


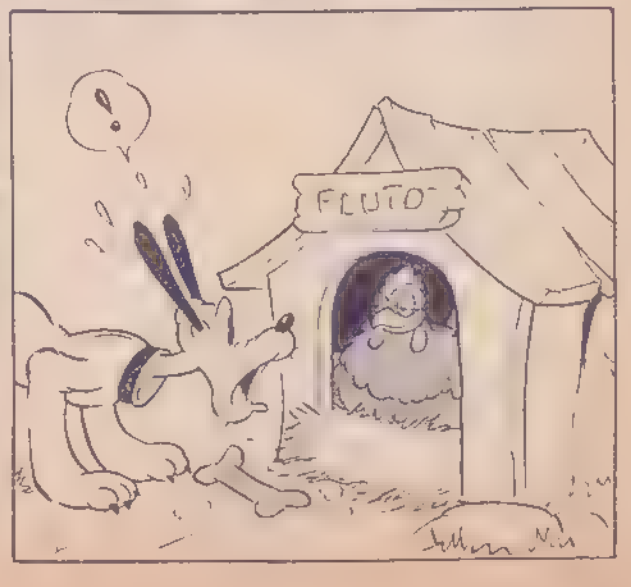












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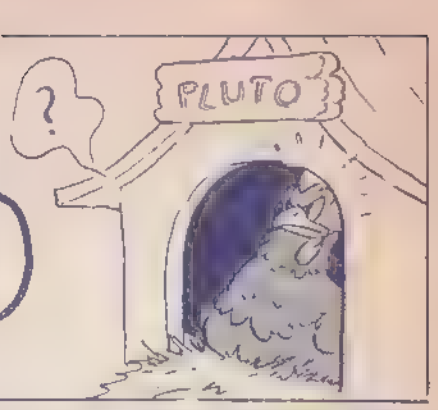

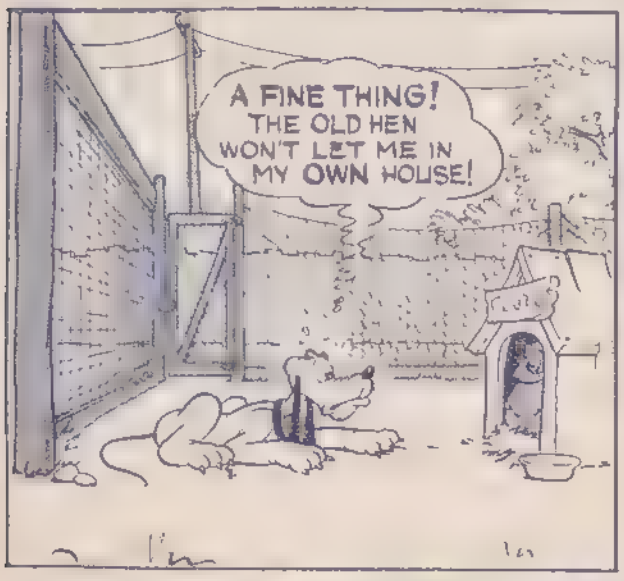

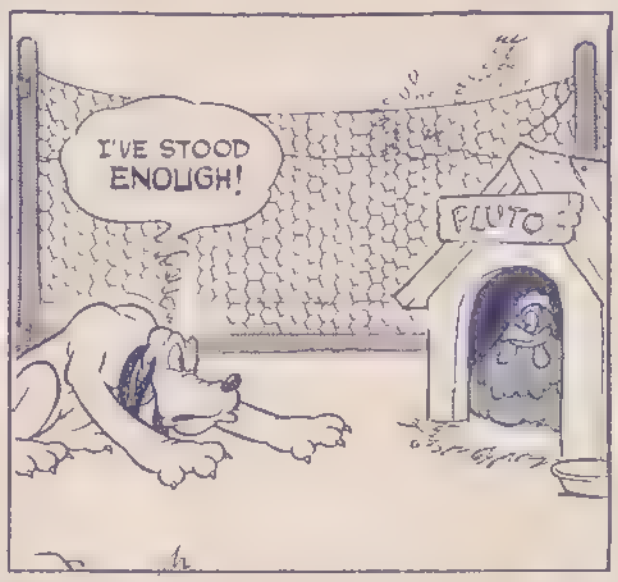

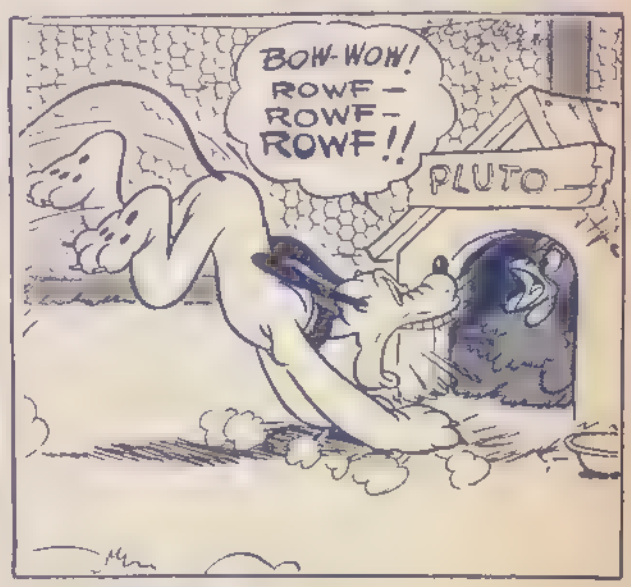

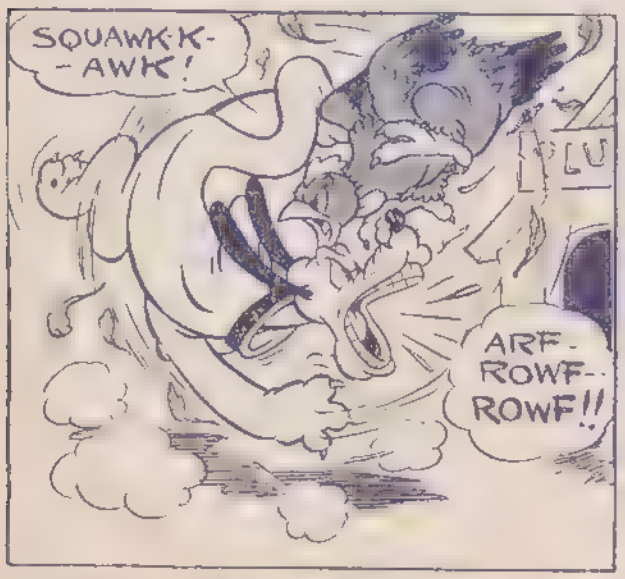

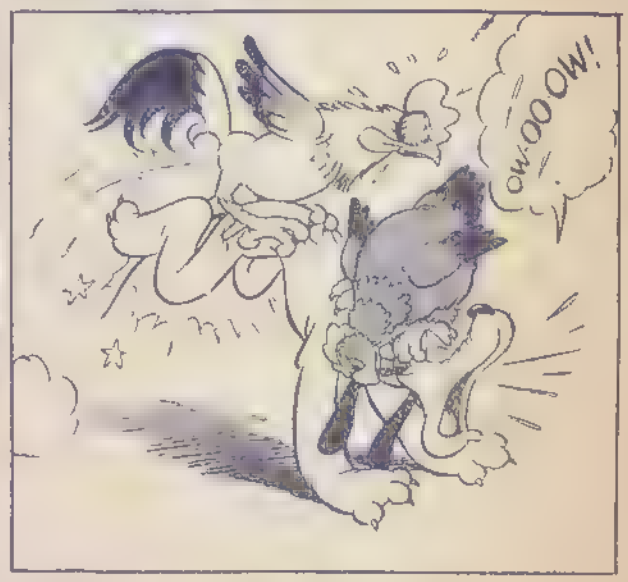

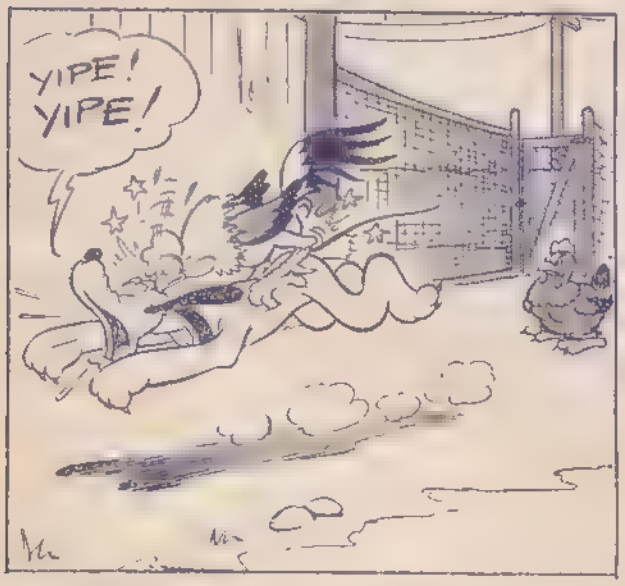

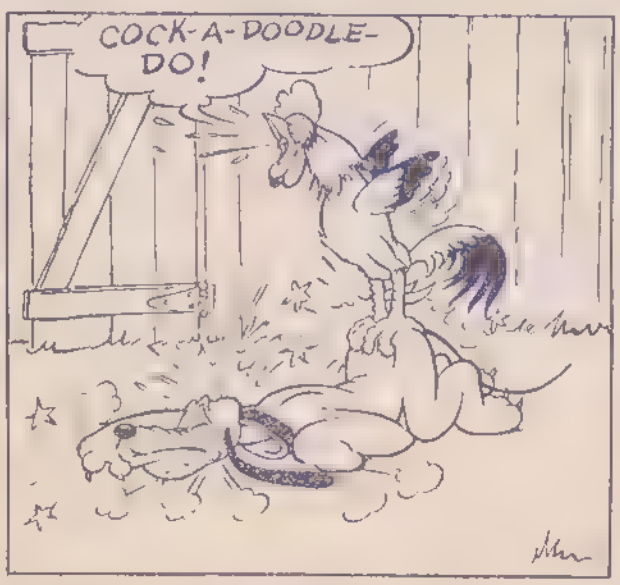

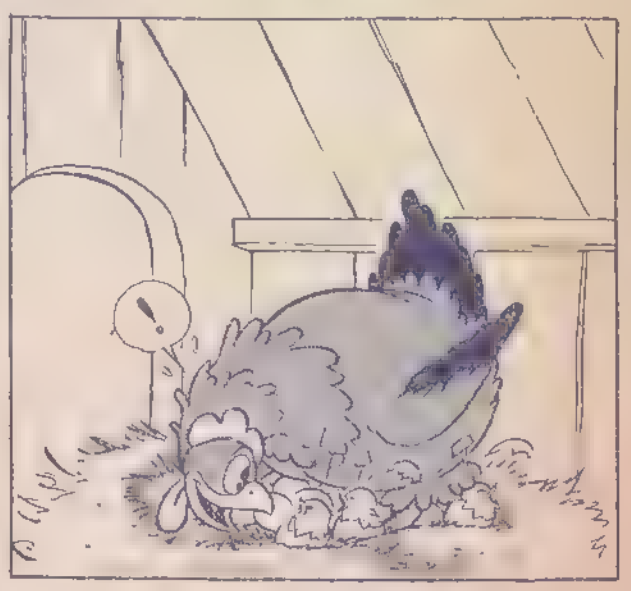

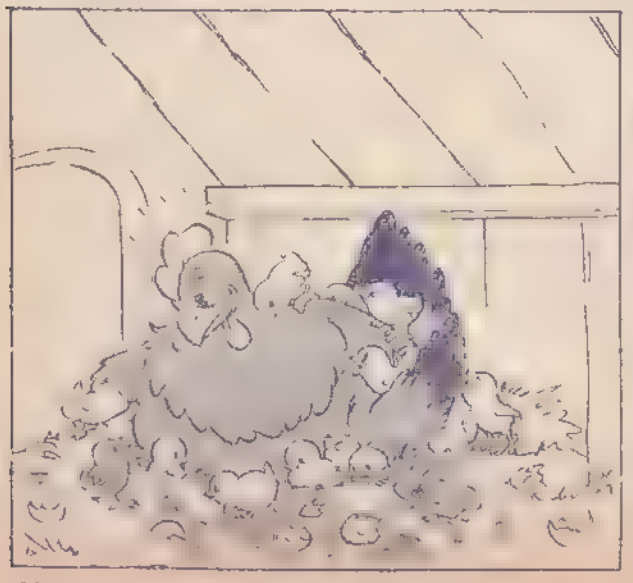

SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE LIVED IN A FARMYARD A MOTHER PIG AND HER FAMILY OF SIX LITTLE PIGLETS.

FIVE OF THESE PIGLETS WERE ALL PLAIN-COLORED, BUT THE SIXTH ONE HAD SPOTS ON HIS BACK.

FOR THIS REASON, HIS MOTHER HAD NAMED HIM SPOTTY.

WHEREAS HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS WERE AS WELL-BEHAVED AS THEY COULD BE

SPOTTY WAS AN ILL-MANNERED, GREEDY LITTLE FELLOW,

WHO WAS ALWAYS GETTING INTO TROUBLE!

HIS MOTHER DID HER BEST TO TRAIN HER CHILDREN AND KEEP THEM FROM ACTING **TOO** MUCH LIKE LITTLE PIGS!

BUT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING,---

---SPOTTY SEEMED TO HAVE A NATURAL GIFT FOR DOING WHAT HE SHOULDN'T DO!

WALT DISNEY

SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

HE LIKED TO ROOT IN A MUD PUDDLE AND GET AS DIRTY AS POSSIBLE!

HE "SLURPED" HIS DRINKING WATER AND MADE LOUD, GULPING NOISES WHEN HE ATE!

SLURP! SLURP!

IF HE SAW ANYONE ELSE EATING, HE JUST **HAD** TO SHARE THE MEAL---

!

---OR EVEN TRY TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM!

FIDO

AS FOR THE OTHER ANIMALS, THEY JUST DIDN'T **LIKE** SPOTTY! **NOBODY** DID!

ARF-ARF-ARF!!

EVEN THE PLACID OLD HENS WOULD GET ANGRY WHEN HE TRIED TO GOBBLE UP THEIR CORN!

THE TURKEYS GRUMBLED AMONG THEMSELVES,

AND THE DUCKS AND GEESE QUACKED THREATENINGLY!

SPOTTY THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL FUSSY OLD CRANKS! IT NEVER OCCURED TO HIM THAT **HE** MIGHT BE AT FAULT!

CONTINUED

WALT DISNEY

Walt Disney's CHARACTERS AS MARIONETTES

THESE MARIONETTES ARE SO SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED YOU CAN LEARN TO OPERATE THEM IMMEDIATELY

Entertaining, instructive, these marionettes bring Walt Disney's beloved characters to life. You can now have a theatre in your own home and amuse your friends and family with the antics of Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and their Pals, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and other Walt Disney characters.

●

See them in your favorite Toy Department

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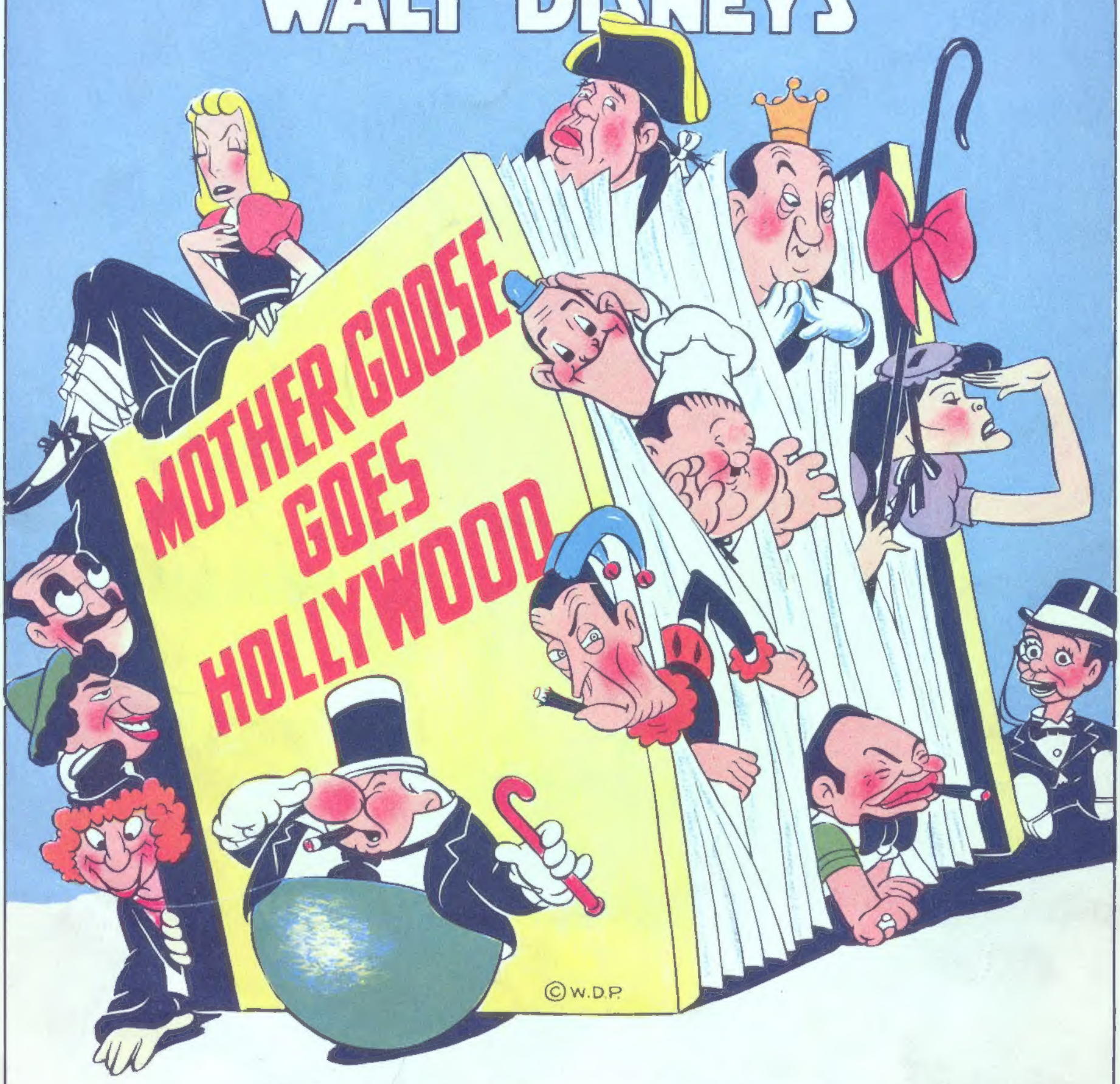
Made by **MADAME ALEXANDER**

20 WEST 22nd ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MICKEY MOUSE
presents
WALT DISNEY'S



All the stars in Hollywood come to life in nursery rhymes! . . . A novelty number that will keep you howling as you wait and wonder which of your screen favorites will be next on the screen. *Ask your local theatre when it will play.*

RKO RADIO RELEASE in TECHNICOLOR